

The TATLER

Vol. CLVI. No. 2023

London
April 3, 1940



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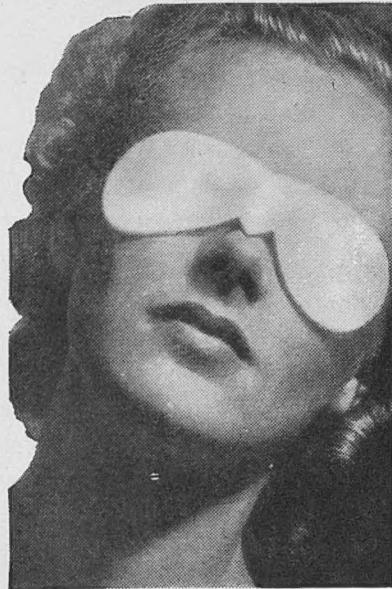
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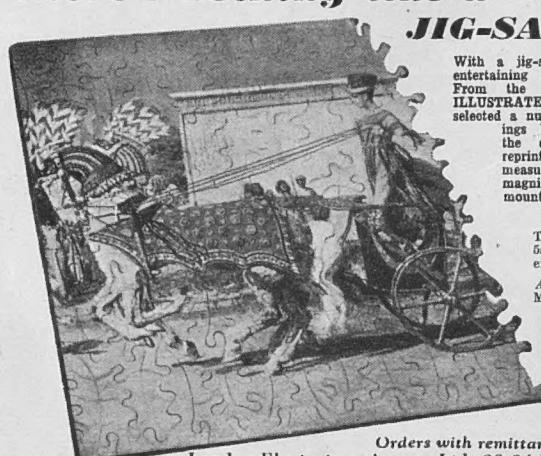
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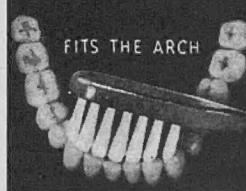
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Vol. CLVI. No. 2023. London, April 3, 1940

POSTAGE: Inland 1½d.; Canada and
Newfoundland 1½d.; Foreign 2½d. Price One Shilling



Marcus Adams, Dover Street

THE COUNTESS OF HADDINGTON AND HER DAUGHTER, LADY MARY BAILLIE-HAMILTON

Lady Haddington is one of the three daughters of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Cook of Montreal, and a sister of Lady Minto, who like her sister lives in that romantic region the Border, so full of legend and strongly persisting beliefs in such personalities as the Faerie Queen, Thomas the Rhymer and the wicked Michael Scot, the magician who was in league with the devil! Lord Haddington was in the Greys, and is now with a Border Yeomanry regiment



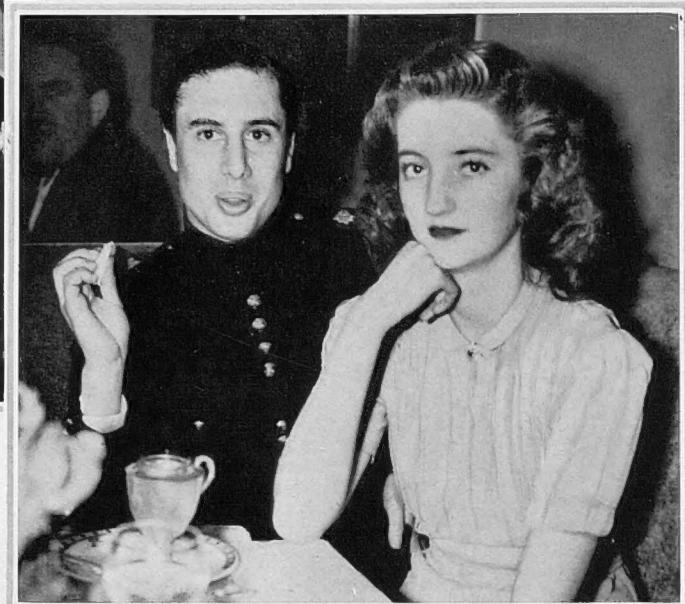
OUT AND ABOUT IN TOWN

Caught by the camera at the Café de Paris one recent evening were Mr. Robin Grosvenor and the Hon. Viola Lyttelton. Miss Lyttelton's father, Viscount Cobham, is Lord-Lieutenant of Worcestershire and has since the outbreak been Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for War and is thus a very busy man.

THIS department, having spent Easter in London for the first time in ten years, wishes to record its personal gratitude to the *Führer* for temporarily removing Le Touquet from the map of England. If there was one thing about collecting social bits which bored us more than another, it was standing in the cold blast by the first tee, listening to stockbrokers ask each other what time they went to bed. The staple cliché—"That was a casino shot!" would boom over the old course where the only interesting personality, in my view, was the comfortable French woman who has sold drinks and *petits fours* (of all incompatibilities!) at the hut on the ninth for many seasons. She knew a thing or two, and between us we would while away the chilly waits discussing the characters and dispositions of the *clientèle*. Her favourite regulars were Sir William Garthwaite *et fils*, "Freddy" White and John Turner—"toujours si aimables!" Mine included Mrs. George Philipson, all the Akroyds, Mrs. Dudley Tooth, Count Paul Munster, Mr. Percy Quilter and the John Lithibys whose good nature was perennially unaffected by late hours. Her *bêtes noires* were among those teetotallers who did not have the *large esprit* to order Evian, and such tipplers as grudged their caddies chocolates. But the upstarts who hoped to gain social *kudos* by being off-hand, or wonderfully condescending to the Press, afforded too much ironic amusement to rate as black beasts. Their identity must wait on my *memoirs*, for which the suggested title is: "Ten Years of Toadying to the Wrong People."

A year ago I was telling you about my forty-hour visit to Scheidegg at Easter, of who was there (the Clydesdales, now Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, were the quietest couple in the hotel) and of how robust and steely the Swiss Army looked from the air. It must be considerably steelier by now. The only Englishman presently at Scheidegg is Arnold

And the World Said—



A RECENT ENGAGEMENT

Also together recently at the Café de Paris were Mr. George Brodrick, Irish Guards, son of the late Mr. G. J. Gould and of Lady Dunsford, of Eastwell Park, Ashford, Kent, and Miss Mhari Gourlay, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. F. Page Gourlay. Their engagement was announced last month.



BACK FROM FINLAND

The Hon. Edward Ward, who won high praise for his distinguished war commentaries from Finland for the B.B.C., is now home again, following the unhappy termination of hostilities in the north, and is seen here at home with Mrs. Ward. He is the only son of Lord Bangor, and married *en secondes noces* in 1937, Miss Mary Kathleen Middleton, daughter of Mr. W. Middleton, of Shanghai.

Lunn, who travelled to Malta last month where he lectured for the British Council, and patted the head of his first grandson, Peter's and "Toinette's" baby. The inimitable "Arnie's" brother, Hugh Kingsmill, who is one of the finest critics of English literature (*vide* his "Matthew Arnold"; "Samuel Johnson"; "D. H. Lawrence") alive, and actively kicking against the Pharisees, has published a brilliantly depressing novel, "The Fall," which will appeal to those of you who toy with misogamy and women at the same time. It is not a woman's book because the women in it are both maddening and life-like. I recall that the Adonis of Scheidegg a year ago was the erstwhile "Baby of the House," Charles ("Cow & Gate") Taylor, whose wife (the first Mrs. Carroll Gibbons) has just had a son. More congratulations of a similar nature to the Harold Huths on a second daughter, and in advance to the Charles Sweenys, the Jock Whyte-Melville-Skeffingtons, the Sherman Stonors, the Norfolks, and to the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough.

This Easter the Right People were scattered, though many stayed in London, where the Ritz platform provided a first-tee bench for Lady Pamela Berry (corn-flowers on her black coat), the Duchess of Westminster (green and blue ribbons dropping from the back of her hat), Lady Dunne with Mrs. Edward Wills (in a comedy flower hat), Mrs. Jack Purbrick

(no longer a censoreess) and her elder sister Diana Clifford, Mrs. Henry FitzAlan-Howard (cream fur jacket), Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell, and a divinely pretty unknown-to-me with a strong resemblance to Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger, and a diamond brooch in the centre back of her hat ribbon just above the bun—very fetching. Also, looking radiantly happy, was "Betty" Chasseloup-Laubat, better remembered as Lady (Lionel) Earle. She has been living in a military zone to be near her husband, Sergeant-chef, the Comte de Chasseloup-Laubat. She came over for Easter to see her mother, Mrs. Nina Jopling, and her Strachey relations.

Miss Betty Askwith went to Paris with Elisabeth Bergner; Lady Milford Haven flew to Cannes with her son who got unexpected leave from the Royal Navy; Thelma, Lady Furness spent Easter contemplating a visit to America with her young son. (Her niece, Gloria Vanderbilt, is tipped in New York as next year's Brenda Frazier.) Mrs. Mary Ashley was still in hospital; and Prince Aly Khan, who has been given a commission in the French Foreign Legion, was, and is in Syria as an extra A.D.C. to General Weygand, who recently acted as witness at an Anglo-French wedding out there. The Generalissimo's opposite number on this occasion was that intrepid Coldstreamer, Colonel "Guido" Salisbury-Jones, whose mother-in-law, Lady de Bunsen, contributed a witty letter to Auntie Times the other week, thereby sending up the standard which had sunk below cuckoo level.

At the Easter house party of Major Victor Cazalet were included the Anthony Edens. Her All-Services' Canteen Club idea has been copied and perfected at Reading by Mrs. Norman Railing and her (real) tennis player husband who is back in the Grenadiers. Their club is badly needed in that area, but it will not open with celebrities and flashlights before it is ready for less exalted customers.

surrounded by admiring A.T.S.s. The long room has a raised stage for the piano, trestle tables heaped with magazines, and the poster decorations include useful traffic maps. All the helpers are voluntary; many come on duty from shops and offices—a valiant effort. Mrs. Rasch appears to be the perfect organizer, and Lady Forres the ideal



HOLIDAY GOLF FOR RED CROSS FUNDS

Mrs. J. B. Beck and attendant whippets—her staunch allies—en route to the first tee at Rye Golf Course, where this enterprise in aid of the Red Cross Funds was arranged last week

waitress in a bewitching Tyrolean apron and belt. Mrs. Sedgwick is known as "the Potato Lady," owing to the uniform excellence of the *pommes sautés* she has been preparing day after day since before Christmas, and "the Padre with the Pipe" is the Rev. E. J. Motley, one of St. Martin's curates, who makes the men laugh with so little effort, that over-subscribed. The regulars have their pet tables, no less than the celebrities at the Ritz. Decorum and *bonhomie* are nicely blended. The only over-merry customer that afternoon was a private from Regina with a throaty Glasgow accent. One care-free Canadian merely adds a not unwelcome breath of the wild west. "It takes two men, or two dogs," as that pioneer canteener Lady Clodagh Anson once wrote, "to start a riot."

Nobody set fire to the stands at Hurst Park as a Bank Holiday gesture. That sort of thing only happens at Longchamp, worse luck. The topic was neither the war nor the horses, but the weather which opened fine and dandy, turned Arctic, and then broke into two galloping showers. Consequently Miss Diana Barnato's cornflower blue angora mittens were most appropriate. Her clothes matched them. The Duchess of Norfolk was draped in mink over navy blue. Nobody wore anything very special, and the general effect was wintry, apart from Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen's grin when his horse won. Lady Stanley had her son with her, Lord Rosebery his daughter, Lady Helen Smith, and Mrs. Clayton her daughter, Miss Jane Clayton. Sir Louis Greig's weather-beaten complexion was offset by his Royal Air Force uniform, and Mr. Vivian Cornelius looked a fashion plate, though his willowy figure is better suited by civvies—don't wince. I met up with several polo pals from more auspicious seasons, including Major Dudley Norton with a far-away look in his



A FAMILY FOURSOME AT RYE GOLF COURSE

Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. George and Mrs. Akers-Douglas and their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Ian Akers-Douglas, who were also aiding and abetting the golf contest in aid of the Red Cross. Colonel Akers-Douglas is a brother of Lord Chilston, and was formerly in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders

Excellent work was done throughout the Easter "holiday" by Mrs. Guy Rasch (whose husband used to command the Grenadier Guards), Lady Forres, and many others at the canteen adjoining the crypt of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. During the rush hour on Saturday afternoon I found Aircraftman McAndrew playing the piano with modest competence,



PILOT OFFICER WALTER HAMMOND AND WING COMMANDER WILSON AT RYE

England's famous cricket captain, now in the R.A.F., was another of those who took a hand in the golf arranged in aid of Red Cross funds and played over the Rye Golf Club links last week

And the World Said—(continued)

eye; curly headed Mrs. Lambe wearing deep mauve with bits of ocelet, and those popular half-Swedish sisters, Mrs. Adla Deacon (in a blue and yellow check suit, new for Easter) and Mrs. "Bob" Leaf who has taken a small house in Luckington, in the Beaufort country, where she hopes to hunt and farm. Ten of her late husband's championship ponies are already installed. His sympathetic widow will be an asset to that sporting community.

One of the few communities in which lotus-eaters still lead charmed lives is Nassau, where the only sea floor post office in this crazy world will re-open on May 6, a date on which philatelists are celebrating the introduction of the first adhesive stamp, Sir Rowland Hill's historic "Penny Black." Nassau's freakish post office owes its existence to an under-sea explorer and scientist, Mr. J. E. Williamson, who has been swamped—to use the appropriate verb—with requests from stamp collectors to re-open Sea Floor. The new design shows some of his scientific paraphernalia below the translucent green water, and a black boy diving for pennies has been introduced to suggest a link with the "Penny Black." The King and the President will receive letters written by the Governor and posted first, on the opening day, as they did last year.

Among escapists who have been seasoning in the Bahamas are the John Moffats, the "Dickie" Parkes (giving Scheidegg a wide berth) and D'Arcy Rutherford who only returned thither when the W.O. insisted he was too old for the war. This St. Moritz group took an avuncular interest in Ninette Heaton's marriage to Captain Harry Manning of the U.S. Line's *President Roosevelt* which now makes the Bermuda run.

For a time dictators and politicians have taken the gilt off millionaires, but several *Croesi* are coming back into the Zaharoff category, including a Nassau yachtsman, Axel Wenner-Gren, who makes munitions among other things, and is credited with having acted as Swedish go-between for Goering in the Finnish peace. He has been a pal of the Nazi field marshal for some time, and made a point of being in Berlin when Mr. Welles was. A strange business. So is the six-year stretch to which poor rich Max Ausnit of Rumanian steel has been sentenced on a transparently trumped-up charge. He is a Jew, and the German party in Rumania have long been out for his blood. According to his friends the pressure to arrest him came from Germany after he had refused to sell certain bonds in the Rshitzia Iron and Steel Works to German nominees. His glowingly pretty wife and their child spent the autumn in Biarritz, where her great friend, Madame Michel Dassonville (Florrie Owen), has had a son, but I have not heard whether the unfortunate Madame Ausnit is remaining there. I

remember meeting her husband in Biarritz in '31 when he was courting beautiful Leonora Brooke, who subsequently married the late Lord Inchcape, and made a wonderfully good stepmother to his first family. In later years the Ausnits were much feted at St. Moritz, and in Paris owing to his money, her looks, and their agreeable personalities. One wonders how many erstwhile good-timers will spare them a thought in adversity?

The Eric Bowaters, who used to take a house in Biarritz, were talking about them sympathetically last weekend at Brighton whither they repaired with a party including Mrs. "Dick" Liddell, who needed rest from her local government activities in and around Horsley, Surrey. Nicknamed "Sunshine," Mollie Liddell is attractive, energetic, well read, and worthier of a seat in Parliament than many men who have given up sitting in theirs in order to wear uniform. As an evacuation officer she knows which Surrey nobbs have consistently avoided their obligations. A Government peer is one of the worst delinquents. The most thoughtful and unselfish householders in her district are Lord and Lady Crewe, who gave up their biggest room to evacuated children. And Lord Sligo's kinswoman, Lady Isabel Browne, is an inspired helper. She has a large number of young evacuees at Mount Browne, Guildford. They love being with her, and she loves having them there, which idyllic side of evacuation we do not hear enough about.



MRS. ROBERT RISELEY

Hay Wrightson

A recent portrait of the beautiful daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sackville Manning of Bembridge, and a granddaughter of the Hon. Reginald Parker, who is one of Lord Macclesfield's uncles. Mr. Robert Riseley when at Oxford represented the university at lawn tennis, racquets and squash. He has also played lawn tennis for England against France (semi-final, 1939)

not lost the war, under which delusion they have drilled ever since. The only moment of real humiliation was when the Imperial Guard regiments marched back, with the officers under arrest. The procession was led by a drunken sergeant who shared his saddle with a lady of the town. Dunstaffnage advises prisoners' relatives to send quantities of soap. By 1918 the rate of exchange was three cakes of soap—one bottle of brandy, and as Germany started this war short, there is no knowing what remarkable swaps our men may achieve, provided the soap reached them. More than half the officers' parcels were stolen in the last war, and a favourite trick of the Germans was to open all the tinned food at once, so that the prisoners could neither eat it, nor say they had not received it.

SOME
RECENT
WEDDING
BELLS
A
FEW BRIDES
AND
BRIDEGROOMS



BRADBURY-STAMMERS

A notable Easter weekend wedding was that on Monday at Purley Congregational Church between the Hon. Paul Bradbury, younger son of Lord Bradbury of Treasury note fame, and Miss Margaret Stammers.



GURNEY-BOUGHEY

Captain Richard Quintin Gurney, City of London Yeomanry, eldest son of Major and Mrs. Quintin E. Gurney, of Bawdeswell Hall, Norfolk, was married to Miss Elizabeth Margaret Boughey, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Boughey, of Soham Vicarage, Cambridgeshire, at Chelsea Old Church on March 26



MEYRICK-MILLER

Mr. George D. Meyrick, 9th Lancers, only son of Sir George and Lady Meyrick, of Hinton Admiral, Hampshire, and Miss Ann Miller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clive Miller, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, recently by the Rev. K. H. Thornycroft



WAKEFIELD-ABNEY-HASTINGS

At Loudoun Castle, Galston, Ayrshire on March 23, Mr. Edgar Wight Wakefield of Toronto, Canada, married Lady Jean Abney-Hastings, second daughter of Major Abney-Hastings and the Countess of Loudoun



FITZCLARENCE-SCHOFIELD

The wedding took place at Caxton Hall Registry Office on March 25, of Mr. Edward Charles Fitzclarence, Irish Guards, heir of the Earl of Munster and son of the late Brigadier-General Charles Fitzclarence, V.C., and of Mrs. Fitzclarence of 16 Chapel St., Belgrave Square, and Mrs. Vivian Schofield

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

A Minority of One

CHARLES LAMB has a famous essay entitled "Imperfect Sympathies." These, of course, are exactly what we today should call "blind spots." Lamb begins his essay by confessing that he is a bundle of prejudices "made up of likings and dislikings—the veriest thrall to sympathies, apathies, antipathies." And he goes on to declare that his antipathies include Scotchmen and Jews. He sees the good points of all these people, and strives to like them intellectually. But the fact remains that there is something about both races which goes against his grain. What Lamb does not tell us is how far he would be influenced by nationality in art. Would he think less of a portrait because he happened to know that it had been painted by Raeburn? And would he have disliked Rachel's *Phèdre* for the reason that he knew the great actress to be a Jewess? I think the answers to both these questions would be in the negative, since I cannot believe that Lamb would have allowed his sympathies to interfere with his critical perception and taste.

Perhaps what I am trying to say is that some modern blind spots are more blind than any Lamb ever knew. In my own case I have to confess that whole areas of art of all kinds are cut off from me by my imperfect sympathies. Or better, complete antipathies. Always with the exception of "Vanity Fair" I am unable to read the novels of Thackeray. I am unable to read any novel that comes within a thousand miles of any part of Germany at any period of that country's history, or having anything to do with the Low Countries or with the Napoleonic Wars. If anybody were to offer to pay my expenses for a journey to Mexico I should decline because of my complete lack of interest in everything connected with that country. I dislike heat, lizards, monasteries, and cacti, and as I have no desire to make the acquaintance of these things at first hand, why should I read about them at second? Nor would Australia nor Persia tempt me, and I have not the faintest urge to go within smelling distance of India. The only reason I can read Kipling's Indian stories is that they are rarely about Indians. On the other hand, Africa is to my mind a place of complete enchantment. It is the same with the theatre as with books. I cannot abide murky comedies set in Spain. I flee from any playbill bearing the illustrious names of those celebrated dramatists, Quien Sabe and the Brothers Usted. So, too, with music. I run away from any programme on which the name of Schumann appears, and I have never concealed from myself the fact that whenever Schubert finishes a symphony he finishes me. All this is wildly uncritical, and I try to do my critical duty by allowing for my antipathies as a golfer allows for the wind.

All of the foregoing ought to be entitled "Prelude to

Pinocchio," for it is of the Walt Disney film at the New Gallery that I have to write this week, and I do so with the utmost diffidence since I cannot call myself a Walt Disney fan. Or let me put it that I used to be a fan and am so no longer. Time was when the Mickey Mouse cartoon was to me the best thing in any evening at the cinema. Then came colour, and the *Silly Symphony*. Again charming. And then followed over-elaboration, and the, to me, supremely unfunny Donald Duck. So raucous and ear-splitting did this fellow become that during his later presentations I have often been compelled to leave the cinema and walk a little in the street outside. Then came *Snow White*, of which, I regret to say, I tired after twenty minutes, although twenty minutes of it seemed to me delightful. It was, therefore, in a mood of some trepidation that I went to see *Pinocchio*. Had not

Miss Lejeune assured me that this was simply the finest film that had ever been made? And had not a brother critic informed me that he had sat through the film twice in the same evening, once for his paper and once for his pleasure? To cut a long story short I attended this film with a rigidity of attention worthy of Casabianca and a sentry in the front line. I watched the unrolling of this tale about a little wooden puppet who, if he behaved like a good little puppet and not like a bad little puppet, would be allowed to turn into a real little boy. It makes an admirable fairy story, and my only trouble is that I just can't spend an evening over a book of fairy stories, or in looking at the pictures in a book of fairy stories, even when these have been drawn by Arthur Rackham. And Walt Disney's pictures are not, to my way of thinking, as good as Arthur Rackham's. Nor do I see any particular virtue in the trick of animation once the novelty has worn off. Indeed, there seemed to me to be only one grown-up moment in the whole entertainment. This was when *Pinocchio* became a successful artist and was put in a cage by the entrepreneur. This incident apparently symbolizes the enslavement of art by commercialism, the subject about which Mr. Cyril Connolly is so eloquent in the current number of his brilliant little magazine, *Horizon*. Intrinsically, the film of *Pinocchio* possesses less than one-tenth of the invention of *Peter Pan* and none at all of that play's wit. Yet here are all my colleagues talking about it in terms not of whimsy à la Barrie but of allegory à la Michelangelo.

And then there is its musical accompaniment. As I sat to wondering why I should find the maximum of delight in another fairy story, "Hansel and Gretel," and the minimum in this one. Perhaps the answer is that in any theatre or cinema I mind very much what I hear and not very much what I see. Given a musical score which was the equivalent of Humperdinck's and which a Prokofieff, Milhaud, or Walton would probably have been delighted to supply, then, opening my eyes every five minutes or so as I do at the ballet, I should have been enraptured and have come away from the New Gallery vying with Miss Lejeune and Mr. Bergel in my admiration of what I should have been pleased to call a masterpiece. Making the necessary allowance for my lack of interest in fairy tales about puppets—the whole world of marionettes is perhaps my blindest spot of all!—I shall say that this is a very, very good film. The last half hour of it containing the whale sequence seems to me to embody the mystical union of William Blake and Mr. James Bridie!



SIR SEYMOUR HICKS IN "PASTOR HALL"

The famous actor, according to the "information," plays "a German general of the old school" in this new Charter Film production based on the experiences of an ex-U-boat commander Pastor Martin Niemöller, now incarcerated in a Nazi concentration camp. The "General" is obviously Hindenburg, who had nothing whatever to do with these Nazi atrocities which are entirely due to the Nazi Misleader. Whether the unhappy Pastor Niemöller is still alive or has suffered death by torture, a possibility which cannot be ruled out in view of information recently vouchsafed from actual victims of Nazi brutality, it is not possible to know, but the chances would seem to be all against it

attention I found myself wondering why I should find the maximum of delight in another fairy story, "Hansel and Gretel," and the minimum in this one. Perhaps the answer is that in any theatre or cinema I mind very much what I hear and not very much what I see. Given a musical score which was the equivalent of Humperdinck's and which a Prokofieff, Milhaud, or Walton would probably have been delighted to supply, then, opening my eyes every five minutes or so as I do at the ballet, I should have been enraptured and have come away from the New Gallery vying with Miss Lejeune and Mr. Bergel in my admiration of what I should have been pleased to call a masterpiece. Making the necessary allowance for my lack of interest in fairy tales about puppets—the whole world of marionettes is perhaps my blindest spot of all!—I shall say that this is a very, very good film. The last half hour of it containing the whale sequence seems to me to embody the mystical union of William Blake and Mr. James Bridie!

IRELAND'S GRAND NATIONAL

MR. ROBERT HOARE, M.F.H.
(W. NORFOLK) AND HIS WIFELEADING IN THE WINNER JACK CHAUCER
IS MISS NANCY EGAN, THE OWNER'S SISTER.
(IN FRONT) CECIL BRABAZON (TRAINER)

RUN AT FAIRYHOUSE

MAJOR DERMOT McCALMONT,
M.F.H., AND MISS ANN POETHE HON. MRS. ALEXANDER, MR. DENYS DOMVILLE
AND MAJOR THE HON. HERBRAND ALEXANDERphotos: Poole, Dublin
THE HON. BRYAN BOURKE, MRS.
GOODBODY AND MRS. LISTER, HER SISTER,
IN THE PADDOCK BETWEEN RACESCECIL BRABAZON (TRAINER), MR. LARRY
EGAN (OWNER), AND J. LENEHAN (JOCKEY)

Every lover of a good horse must regret that Mr. Larry Egan's Jack Chaucer is not entered in the Grand National, at Aintree, on the 5th, for he won the Irish Grand National, at Fairyhouse, like the champion every one recognized that he was after his recent win in the Red Cross Steeplechase at Leopardstown. He had 19 lb. more on his back at Fairyhouse, and even if the opposition was not quite as formidable as it was in the other big 'chase, it was a good field. However, Jack Chaucer is young as steeplechasers go, and there are, let us hope, many tomorrows for him. His Leopardstown jockey, Brogan, having a wing up as a result of a bumper at Baldoyle, Lenehan had the ride, and is seen being led in by the owner's sister, with Cecil Brabazon, who sent the horse out in such grand shape, leading the way. For owner, trainer and jockey, also see picture at the foot of this page. Almost all the sporting world and his wife were at this famous course, which is not very far from Tara's Halls, where harp music used to be so popular. The famous Master of the Kilkenny, Major Dermot McCalmont, is with one of Kilkenny's best lady patrons, and the Hon. Mrs. Herbrand Alexander is with husband and her son by her former husband. Major Alexander is Lord Caledon's brother and heir presumptive. Mr. Robert Hoare comes from our side of the channel, and was Master of the West Norfolk when war broke out. The Hon. Bryan Bourke, the Earl of Mayo's brother and heir presumptive, is talking to two charming sisters, who are both well known in Ireland's fox-hunting world. Many at Fairyhouse were convinced that Royal Danieli was going to avenge his 1938 defeat at Aintree.

Racing Ragout

By "REGULAR"

AT a rough guess I should say that I must have travelled in the proximity of half a million miles in vehicles propelled by internal combustion engines, and I suppose I should consider myself fortunate that it was not until ten days ago, that one of these jaunts was connected with anything in the shape of a major disaster. I have taken some chances and had some narrow shaves in my time, for instance there was that little woman who took me seriously in the Buckingham Palace Road, while there was that every inch a lady who took umbrage somewhere in the vicinity of Fitzjohn's Avenue. Looking back on my motoring career, I think that perhaps the happiest times have been those when one's given the taxi driver a couple of bob to go and have a blow out in the cab shelter, and told him on no account to disturb one for half an hour, and even then he's got to tap on the window first.

When at long last disaster caught up with me, it came in the shape of a stationary lorry without lights. Seated demurely beside the driver I caught the lot, with the result: *No Cheltenham, no Lincoln, no Liverpool*. It's an ill wind, however, that blows nobody good, and as the result of my accident I shall be at Newmarket to see the Guineas, while ordinarily, I should have already left for service overseas. I can best describe my accident by saying that it was the kind of crash those three tough guys, Billy Parvin, Jack Moloney and Keith Piggott, have been getting about once a season for years. Their faces are flattened out and featureless, yet in a few weeks' time they come back smiling and better looking than ever, and I intend to do the same.

Miss Dorothy Paget has had a lot of bad luck to contend with, yet this lavish patron of the sports has never complained. After an unexpected defeat I have seen her get into a huddle with her trainer and jockey and it hasn't been the trainer or the jockey who's been doing the talking, yet no one could accuse Lord Queenborough's daughter of being anything save gracious, alike in victory and defeat. Such being the case, it was only mete and proper that her luck should change, and it has certainly changed in the case of Kilstar. Until he went to Cheltenham this good horse's form seemed to have deteriorated, and he appeared but a shadow of the horse he was last spring when he went to post in the National, the biggest

handicap certainty that great race has ever known, only to meet with a lot of bad luck in running and finishing third. At Cheltenham Kilstar showed himself to be every bit as good or better than ever, and his victory there has been described to me by an eye witness as a "lovely display of immaculate fencing." Kilstar's display at Cheltenham was so far in advance of anything he had accomplished recently that his connexions would no doubt have welcomed an

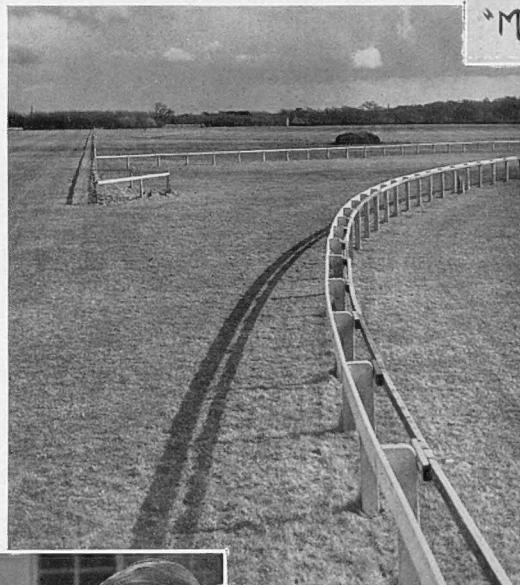


"MACMOFFAT"

The Toul
40

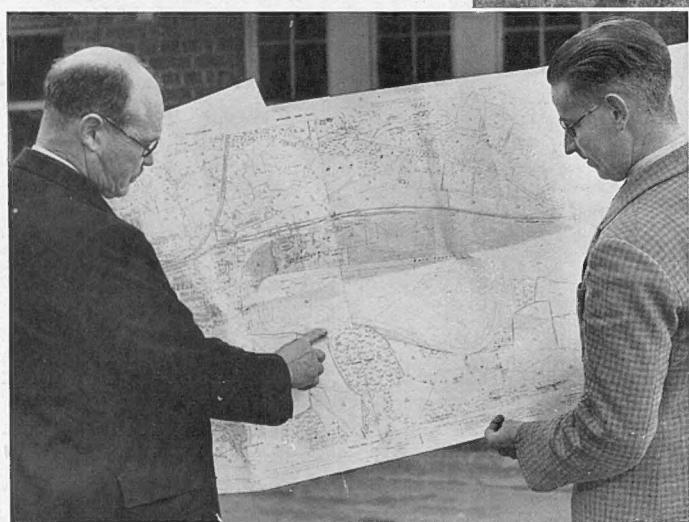
CAPTAIN L. SCOTT-BRIGGS

In last year's National Macmoffat ran a good second to Workman, and on his recent performance at Manchester (March 23) Hanging Ditch 'Chase, it is not difficult to fancy him. He is a graduate from the hunting field, trained by his owner in Northumberland, finds the Aintree fences no trouble to him, and is bred to stay for ever



NEWBURY'S
"TATTENHAM CORNER"

A good imitation of the real one at Epsom, which they said Fred Archer used to negotiate with his left leg over the rails! The substitute War Derby is to be run at Newbury on June 12



STUDYING THE "DERBY" COURSE AT NEWBURY

Mr. J. E. Osgood, manager of Newbury, and his assistant, Mr. C. W. Love, having a look at a map of the course. The War Derby is run on June 12, and the Oaks the day after. The round course is about two miles, joining the straight about five furlongs from home

National and, personally, I think he will. I don't like tipping a favourite for this race, but I honestly don't feel justified in opposing him, in fact, I haven't been as confident over a horse in the National for years and years. Kilstar has got a good deal more weight than he had last year, but I shall expect him to reverse placings with that good sporting horse, Macmoffat, who beat him for second place last year. I think Macmoffat will be second, and for third place I am going for Symaethis, who finished fifth last year. Symaethis was my original fancy for the race and I shan't be a loser if she wins. Royal Mail is, I am afraid, on the downgrade, though with 12 st. 1 lb. he has been given a chance to win. When top weight was 12 st. 7 lb. and he was automatic top weight he might as well have stayed at home. I am very frightened of

(Continued on page viii)



AT HURST: LORD AMHERST OF HACKNEY
AND MISS K. CLIFTON-BROWN

ON THE FLAT AND OVER THE "OBS.": HURST AND NEWBURY



AT NEWBURY: CAPTAIN AND MRS. R. P. P. SMYLY



AT NEWBURY: MR. STANLEY CAYZER
AND MISS URSULA WYNDHAM-QUIN



AT NEWBURY: LADY ESSEX
AND MISS EVELYN RENNIE



AT HURST: MR. AND MRS. PETER
HOLDSWORTH HUNT



MISS IONA McCLEAN WITH MR. R. V. C. WESTMACOTT,
TWO MORE NEWBURY PATRONS

Hurst has this year wiped Lincoln's eye by being first out of the gate on the flat, and if figures go for anything, the sport that is supposed to provide the thing called "that delightful uncertainty" is not exactly moribund. The jumping at Newbury had also a kick in it, provided principally by the victory of Lord Bicester's National horse "Roquilla" in the long-distance event—and at a nice price. As to the gallery at both places, the "Horse, Fut and Dragoons" were very adequately represented, and Lord Amherst, see above, on escort, belongs to the first category, and Miss Wyndham-Quin and Mr. Stanley Cayzer, who is with her, have cavalry connections, he being the son of Major H. S. Cayzer, formerly 11th H.; and so has Lord Harlech's son, the Hon. David Ormsby-Gore, as he is a Yeoman. His wife was Miss. Sylvia Lloyd-Thomas, daughter of the former owner of "Royal Mail," that fine horseman Mr. Hugh Lloyd-Thomas. Mr. Holdsworth Hunt and Mr. Westmacott are both in the Foot Guards



THE 'HON. DAVID AND
MRS. ORMSBY-GORE

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Fascinating Memoirs.

THE worst of most theatrical memoirs is their conglomeration of "shop" and gush. Perhaps it is not good for an actor or an actress to be too intelligent. Temperamentally plastic they must be, but any enthusiasm for subjects in general is always treated suspiciously by those whose enthusiasm is centred on one subject in particular, of which they are always the pivot. To be high-brow is in so many circumstances of life as damaging as to be "high-hat" in a suburban tennis-club. People are rather nervous in your company, and, being nervous, dislike you. It is not because the high-brows swank—the real high-brows never do—as because the low-brows are instinctively made to feel themselves a little smaller than they are, or than they think they are. That is an offence in itself; hence the reason why in every revolution it is always brains which go to the block first, along with wealth or any other enviable possession.

Reading Miss Elizabeth Robins's delightful memoirs, "Both Sides of the Curtain" (Heinemann; 15s.), I am left wondering if almost half the thorny path she had to follow in her struggle for recognition was not due to the fact that she thought for herself, took an interest in a dozen subjects other than that connected with the stage, and must have been as intelligently delightful before the curtain as she was highly intelligent behind it. Hence this chapter of autobiography is so entirely interesting, not so much because it deals with the stage of a generation or so ago, but because it deals with social and intellectual life in that era. She was already an established actress when she left America to seek a career in England. A widow, twenty-six, with not much influence on this side, she nevertheless made a name for herself eventually on the English stage—a memory which is still remembered gratefully by an older generation of playgoers. Her means when she arrived were strictly limited. It was a capital sum only, and it could not have lasted her many months without an engagement somewhere. Nevertheless, so quickly did she fall in love with the London of the 'nineties, that she renounced an engagement with Augustin Daly in New York, sacrificed her return ticket, and took her luck in her hands.

She lived in a top bedroom in a boarding-house in Duchess Street, off Portland Place, calculating just how long her money would last. Incidentally, her description of this boarding-house is among the more vividly entertaining pictures in the whole book. Oscar Wilde was her best friend at the beginning; advising her rather than helping her, however. After long waiting and many bitter disappointments, she at last managed to secure an engagement as understudy to the actress who was playing Mrs. Errol in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. This, with a few appearances at special matinées, just carried her along. Eventually she was engaged by George Alexander to play a "sweet part" in his first theatrical venture after leaving Irving at the Lyceum, a farce called *Dr. Bill*, which had a long run. Probably it was the silliness of the play and the emptiness of her part in it which eventually led to her estrangement from Alexander. Anyway, they got rather on each other's nerves towards the end, and that always means faults on both sides. Incidentally, is it to be wondered that so many famous actors and actresses of those days landed at last in poverty? Ten pounds a week was almost a star's salary!

The hero of the book, however, is Beerbohm Tree. They were great friends, and Miss Robins gives the most lifelike

portrait of that great actor I have ever met. His help in her struggle was negligible, all the same. He confided in her; he talked to her incessantly; he sought her company; but he only promised engagements; he never fulfilled the promise.



ESTHER FISHER

This brilliant pianist, well known both in the concert hall and as a radio performer and for her partnership with Lionel Tertis, the great viola player, is New Zealand born, and will play at the New Zealand War Charity Matinée which is to be held at His Majesty's Theatre on April 15, under the patronage of the Duchess of Kent. The artists at the matinée are all to be New Zealanders and include as well as Esther Fisher, Rosina Buckman, of *Madame Butterfly* fame, and David Low, the cartoonist, who will make what is probably his first stage appearance

who knew so much about acting that she did it almost mechanically, and who, at rehearsal, was at once terrifying and yet the finest teacher a young actress could ever have; of Geneviève Ward, who in private life was so respectable that it would seem, metaphorically, that any cameo-brooch on her bosom more frivolous than a tombstone festooned all round with grandma's hair contained the elements of harlotry; of Bernard Shaw, and of most of the other famous figures in art, literature and the stage which made London of the 'nineties such an exciting rendezvous.

In fact, Miss Robins has given us one of the best pictures of London of the hansom-cab days which I have ever read. It is a picture to admire and to regret; when London was London and English to the *n*th degree. It was Ibsen, however, who brought Miss Robins to the top of the tree in her profession. Her Ibsen triumphs are still remembered. The memoirs stop at the beginning of these triumphs. They do

(Continued on page 12)



PEARL S. BUCK

This talented authoress's most recent book, which was published by Macmillan last month, is called "Other Gods," and is a love-story with a background ranging from the Himalayas to the United States, including China, which Miss Buck writes about so well. Her gripping story of Chinese peasant life, "The Good Earth," will be remembered by many both as a book and as a film. Pearl Buck is in private life Mrs. Richard Walsh, wife of the editor of "The Asia" magazine of New York

He continued to charm her, however, even after she had begun to realise that, so far as definite help was concerned, he was bamboozling her all the time. He evidently liked and admired her, but he was taking no risks. Even when she cornered him, he managed to wriggle out of responsibility by thrusting between him and any definite promise the rather grim figure of Comyns Carr, who managed the business side at the Haymarket Theatre; part of his duties being apparently to say "No" when Tree felt he himself ought to say it but could not.

But if this portrait of Tree is fascinating in its detail, so, too, is Miss Robins's portrait of Ellen Terry (once she bearded the enchanting Ellen in her home in order to interview her for an American newspaper, and before she realised it, was herself being interviewed—which wasn't at all what she had come for!); of Mrs. Kendal,

THE WEST
WATERFORD
HOUNDS
AT AGLISH:
(ON RIGHT)
THE JOINT-
MASTER,
MISS ANNE
GREGORY



A PART OF THE FIELD: (L. TO R.) MR. R. KEANE, MR. ION VILLIERS STUART, JT.-M.F.H., G. WILLIAMS, MISS ANNE GREGORY, JT.-M.F.H., MRS. VILLIERS STUART, T. C. CUMMINS, CAPTAIN WALL AND MISS JOY O'RKKE, M.F.H.; (AT BACK) P. WALSH.

Ireland is the only place where they have had any real fun fox-chasing this season, and things have gone on, pink coats and all, just as if there were no war at all. Miss Anne Gregory's original partner in the Mastership was the former Miss Anne Hickman: then came her marriage to Mr. Patrick Grey, son of the late Sir John Grey, and Mr. Ion Villiers Stuart, who has two previous Masterships of these hounds, stepped into the breach to help things out, naturally to everyone's delight, for he knows the country like the back of his hand, and likewise how to get the right side of banks and ditches and the good Irish walls which are the obstructions in the path with which any adventurer is apt to meet

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

not include her equal successes as an author. Nevertheless, they are certainly the best memoirs of a theatrical life I have read for years, simply because, besides the theatre, she tells us, as she told Bernard Shaw in one of the letters she wrote to him before the book's publication: "The book is really, I hope, going to be an attempt to show how, starting as she did, the creature little by little learned and grew." Only three small complaints have I to make against a book which I so thoroughly enjoyed from beginning to end—they are: no index, only one photograph, and some tiresome readers' errors.

A Farm-Labourer's Record.

Everyone interested in country life, especially in farm life, will enjoy a rather unusual autobiography which has just been published. It is "Brother to the Ox" (Dent; 10s. 6d.), by Mr. Fred Kitchen. The author is a farm-labourer; has been a farm-labourer since boyhood. This story of his life never once leaves the farmyard, the fields, the cattle and his own domestic hearth. Yet it is refreshing to read; refreshing as a breath of real country air; interesting, as all records of personal experience, simply yet vividly told, are interesting, especially when they deal with a side of life which is so little understood. We meet him first of all as a country child attending school, playing about in the woods, making his own amusements (and so much happier thereby), and generally learning how to become a farm-labourer like his father. His father, however, dies while the author is still a child, and we read of the truly heroic struggle which his mother had to face when she was left with a young family, and no means except what she could earn herself, or her children provide as soon as they reached school-leaving age. Yet, like so many mothers of the country poor, she won through. She managed to feed her children sufficiently well; she managed somehow to clothe them decently, and not once did she complain or grumble or fret. No wonder her son's one ambition was to go out to earn sufficient money to ease her lot as she grew older!

How he earned this money and eventually earned sufficient

to marry, have a family of his own, and to settle down, is a story of such hard, but not unhappy, work as would make most modern workmen scream to heaven their wrongs! And what an interesting glimpse the book gives us of rural England in the 'nineties; when young labourers were hired at local fairs—as they still are in Ireland, I believe—and were actually bought and paid for by their owners for a period of time. Some employers were kindness itself; some were miserly in the extreme. Mr. Kitchen worked for both kinds, and took each, so to speak, in his working stride, as farm-labouring facts to be faced. On the whole, his life has been a happy

one because he has loved his job, has loved country life and country scenes; has loved books and happily lived his youth out in days when young people, even farm-labourers, did not feel as if fate had snuffed all life's joy out with a candle-extinguisher because at least once a week they cannot go somewhere to watch drivel at the pictures. His book, too, brings back so many memories of rural jollifications which are now almost forgotten, even in rural areas. Is Plough Monday, for example, celebrated anywhere in these days? At least, as it used to be celebrated and as I remember it as a child, by the farm-labourers visiting the bigger houses in the village to enact a little play—the plot of which I can never remember. I even doubt if there was one? But beer and good wishes and compliments were all that were sought, and invariably given.

Incidentally, Mr. Kitchen can write, and write well. Let me quote a description he gives of being out at dawn alone in the fields: "Several mornings I reached the field as the church clock was striking five, and I know of no pleasanter occupation than to be mowing grass at that hour, when the sun is scarcely touching the dew-drops, and not a soul about; with a stray partridge calling up its chicks, and a blackie piping atop of the ash-tree. Maybe a magpie is scolding, for he thinks it an offence for these humans to come disturbing him before it is well daylight. Then, it seems, you see the earth as God made it. . . . By seven o'clock the sun gets higher and all the grasses shimmer in drops of crystal, and the skylark dries his dewy wings in the sun, and in the shady wood the pigeons croon a drowsy note, and all the air is full of scents and hazy mists and humming bees. Another scorching day is here. Then you look at your work and say, 'It is enough,' and go home to breakfast."

Gay Shallowness.

There is a certain resemblance between G. E. Calthrop's first novel, "Paper Pattern" (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.), and Noel Coward's "Private Lives." Linda, very lovely and inconsequential, is married to Geoffrey Crane, K.C. In spite of the author's suggestion that Linda possesses hidden depths, we have to take her word for it, because she seemed to me to

be nothing but "froth." Louise, and, strangely, believes that they could all three live amicably side by side. But Linda goes off with Bumpus, and allows Geoffrey to divorce her. So Louise becomes his wife. After two years abroad, however, Linda returns, meets Geoffrey and, if you will believe two people once sick of each other can fall in love a second time, these two do. Moreover, the way is made easier for a remarriage by the fact that Louise seems to have developed into rather a rasping bore. The best side of the novel is the talk. It is rarely talk in character, but it is always gay and witty to listen to.



MR. E. HUSKINSON

Who, after thirty-two years as editor of "The Tatler," is now retiring from that post. Mr. R. S. Hooper, the Editor of "The Bystander," succeeds him. Mr. Huskinson remains in an advisory capacity and as a director of Illustrated Newspapers

SERVICE UNITS — No. 26



OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL ARMY PAY CORPS—BY "MEL"

It is the Long Stocking that wins most wars, and this one is not going to prove any exception. The officers concerned in this little gallery are a small section of those whose job it is to see that the warrior gets the appointed reward for his services, and although they get no chance of capturing that bubble reputation which comes out of the cannon's mouth, the work committed to their charge is of vital importance. Most of the officers in this gallery, as will be noted, have seen service in the field and won distinction to boot



THE BEDFORD XV., WHICH BEAT ROSSLYN PARK

The Bedford team added another scalp to their long list of distinguished victims when they beat Rosslyn Park (see opposite page) by 13-11 at Easter. In a keen and evenly-matched game it was the fine work of the Bedford pack which turned the scale. Names: (l. to r., standing) R. Kenney, J. Cranfield, B. J. MacMaster, G. Kelly, P. Previté, J. G. Rogers, A. Joy, J. G. Moll, A. Marshall; (seated) G. T. Dancer, R. Willsher, J. G. Cook (captain), O. V. Bevan, T. D. Thevenard; (on ground) M. Vasey, T. Hinde

"... There is neither... border nor breed nor birth
When two... Men stand face to face, though they come from
the ends of the earth."

* * *

NOW that a little side-show of a war has cropped up on that rude and rugged North-West Frontier of India, and as the man at the back of it is that picturesque villain, the Fakir of Ipi, I fear that Hollywood may be tempted to do some more fantastic stuff all about people they prefer to call "Sheeks" and whom they usually present to us as having been at Eton and Balliol and as persons inhabiting most elaborate palaces or fastnesses in their rugged and very hostile hills. That kind of person has no existence in actual fact. The Frontier Sheik—or Khan, as I think I prefer to call him—is quite as cruel and brutal as Hollywood has displayed him to us, but he is quite a different picture. He is a cattle rustler, horse-thief, rifle-thief, blood-feud murderer and kidnapper from the word "go." He usually sets up as being a very devout follower of The Prophet, meticulous in his religious observances, but a sanguinary ruffian *au fond* who has never even heard of Eton, let alone Winchester or Harrow. The cove in *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer* was a jest; so was the other one in that other caricature, *Gunga Din*. The man in *The Rains*

Came is just possible, but he did not live on the North-West Frontier, where a man's life is of exactly the same price as that of a hen. The civilised "Sheeks" do not inhabit these regions of which "Kipper" wrote so glibly and so well—but which he never actually saw, because he never went out on a Frontier racket, the only way to see the real stuff as it is and to get any picture that is true. But Kip-

ling, as we know, had second sight and could see through other men's eyes much farther than the owner himself. There are countless instances of this in his inspired work—and he somehow got it over, even if, as was inevitable, he slipped up very badly on occasion. "China," for instance, ain't "acrost the Bay" from Mandalay, and the "old Moulmein pagoda" is nowhere near Mandalay. However, "Kipper" did put it over, inaccuracies notwithstanding.

* * *

To hark back to the line of the hunted fox and Hollywood "Sheeks," here is a bit of the real stuff which it would have been wise if the "perdoocers" had read before they started drawing us these intensely stupid pictures of what a Frontier ruffian might be in their perfervid imaginations. It is taken from the diary of the late General Sir John Fowler, who, with the then Lieut. Edwards, was a captive in Chitral or thereabouts in 1895. Sir John Fowler, incidentally, was a brother of Captain Harry Fowler, the famous ex-Master of the Meath, father of Fowler, of Fowler's Match *v.* Harrow:

Mahomed Shah was living in a big room without any window. He himself lay in his shirt on a charpoy, covered with a resai [quilt]. He sat up when we came in and explained he was tired from his ride. Another charpoy was brought for us to sit on, and our two interpreters—Sappers Amir Shah and Ibrahim—sat on the ground in front of us. On a flat hearth in the corner of the room was a very small fire of dry twigs, the only light being given by a native



THE FIRST WINNERS OF THE 1940 FLAT SEASON

W. Jarvis, the trainer, and D. Marks, the jockey, who rode M. E. de St. Alary's "Samory," winner of the first flat race of the 1940 season at Hurst Park's successful meeting last week



WINNERS AT THE BRANKSOME TOWERS SPRING GOLF TOURNAMENT

The winners of the foursomes, 2nd Lieut. J. J. McInnes and Mr. H. H. Browne, on left with Mr. A. C. Rogers and Mr. P. D. Boocock. This was the second year of this most popular meeting and was played over the Parkstone links

Pictures in the Fire



SAM MARSH AT HIS SCAMPERDALE MEETING

The unconquerable and most popular organiser presenting the Hunter Trial Cup to E. Fisher on "Kilkenny." Besides hunter trials they had some point-to-points, and, as ever, the meeting was a bumper success

By "SABRETACHE"



WITH "THE HOUSE" BEAGLES

The Master, Mr. R. Wallace, and his hounds at Horspath the other day. Mr. Wallace was Master of the Eton Beagles, 1937 and 1939, and is Acting Master of the Hawkstone Otterhounds, vice his father, Captain E. G. W. Wallace — now very much otherwise engaged

good, and some sort of leaven is used to make it rise. The Khan pounced out two or three, examining them most carefully—I suppose to get hold of well-cooked ones. He kept one himself and handed us over a selected

lamp—a copper stand about three feet high, supporting a bowl containing oil, and the wick hanging over a lip. This was the sort of lamp always used. We often had to burn, instead of oil, ghi, or clarified butter, which had a nasty smell. The light only made the darkness visible. There were 30 to 40 men in the room, all armed, some squatting on the ground and the others standing about, with a guard both inside and outside the door.

The Khan himself had his loaded Winchester on his bed, and two boys were thumping and patting his back and legs to take the stiffness out. We said "How do you do?" and tried to get up some conversation, which was difficult.

* * *

Soon dinner, which is cooked by the ladies of the household in their own part of the Fort, was brought in—first a basketful of big, flat chapatties, about a foot in diameter and a quarter of an inch thick, quite soft and pliable, like a piece of soft leather. This bread is very good, and some sort of leaven is used to make it rise. The Khan pounced out two or three, examining them most carefully—I suppose to get hold of well-cooked ones. Then everyone else began to choose for himself. Next a huge bowl of boiled rice was put down on the floor, with smaller bowls of soup, cream, honey, a vegetable like spinach, and curds. The Khan next proceeded to serve out the rice to us, we being the only people provided with any sort of plate, asking what we would eat with it, and heaping rice, soup, cream and honey all on our plates. Then a funny sort of copper basin, like a large cardinal's hat, and a large coffee-pot full of water were brought in. Each in turn held his hands over the basin while water was poured over them. He dried them by waving in the air.

Then the feeding of the inner circle began. Sitting round the centre bowl of rice and digging their fingers into it to secure a lump, they then dipped it in one of the side dishes for a relish. There was dead silence, except for the smacking of



ROSSLYN PARK XV.

Rosslyn Park went down fighting in their Easter match with Bedford at Old Deer Park and, finishing very strongly, narrowly missed tipping the scale in their favour. Captain H. J. M. Sayers, who scored one of their tries, is an Irish International and Army player

Names: (l. to r., at back) T. C. Borrie, Frank Lyall (team secretary); (standing) Commander C. D. Gilbert, D. V. Knight, S. Collingwood, J. G. W. Davies, D. S. Brown, J. C. Swanson, Captain H. J. M. Sayers, Captain L. H. S. Sanderson (referee), Cecil Dixon (President, Rosslyn Park R.F.C.); (seated) D. M. Strathie, J. R. Tyler, D. K. Huxley (captain), P. F. Cooper, H. C. Lyddon, S. A. Evans; (on ground) S. C. Spriggs, I. K. Mackenzie

lips, for about five minutes, and then everyone had finished. The bowls of rice, etc., were then taken up and put down again on the floor a little way off, where another circle formed and ate in the same way. There always seemed to be an abundance of food for all—more washing of hands, and the meal was over.

All the food was good and clean, but the clotted cream was especially good and rich. Unfortunately, it did not agree with us. The Khan had a hookah brought in, from which he took a puff or two, and passed it on to one or two privileged followers, after which it was again taken outside.

* * * *

This is rather a different picture from the one Hollywood is so fond of showing us, and gives the real atmosphere. Fowler and Edwards had put up a most gallant fight with a mere handful of men at one of our outposts, and had in the end been treacherously captured at a polo match which this "Sheek" had got up in their honour, after having assured them that his intentions were peaceful and that he would give them and the other survivors safe conduct.



A SCOTTISH HUNTING WEDDING

Lieut.-Colonel Reginald Rathbone, the Loyal Regiment, and bride (née Miss Eileen Salvesen) leaving St. Michael's Church, Linlithgow. Mrs. Rathbone is District Commissioner of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Hunt Pony Club. The L. and S. huntsman, A. Gee, is on the left



THE Nth G.H.Q. (ARTILLERY) CO., R.A.S.C.

This is another of those pictures taken somewhere in France about which we are so informative. The C.O., Major W. B. V. H. P. Gates, it may, however, be mentioned, is Joint Managing Director of Cow and Gate, Ltd. Full list as followeth: (l. to r., back row) 2nd Lieut. W. A. R. Dight, Captain H. E. Brewis, 2nd Lieuts. R. Walmsley-Cotham, A. W. M. Street, G. S. Jacobs, Lieut. D. S. Wood-Dow, 2nd Lieut. A. N. Bethell; (second row) Agent de Liaison de Baquer, Captain W. McHolmes, Captain H. B. Glyn, Lieut. D. P. T. Metherell, Captain L. F. H. Hands, Captain J. E. Bridgeman, Agent de Liaison de Maignan; (third row) Captains G. P. Smyth, J. Haining, W. H. F. Richards, H. A. Fry, W. A. Smallman, V. H. Austin; (front row) Captain J. Young, Captain A. L. P. Himbury, Major W. B. V. H. P. Gates, M.B.E., Captain J. C. Wooldridge, Captain W. A. Curtis

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

Gum in the Petrol Tank.

SINCE I drew attention to the gum pest in the petrol tank, various remedies have been suggested so that a long-stored-car may be put on the road again without the risk of the gum deposit fouling the supply lines. First discover the gum by inserting a dip-stick in the tank and scraping the sides and bottom. If there are signs of foreign matter, drain the tank and pour in half a gallon of acetone or methylated spirit, which should be allowed to stand for twelve hours so as to dissolve the gum. Then drain the tank and refill with "Pool." The original suggestion of washing the drained tank in a solution of caustic soda is now stated to be too drastic, as it may remove the solder round the tank's joints as well as the gum! A method suggested in its place is to drain the tank and pour in half a gallon of light graphited lubricating oil. This will absorb the gum and, when siphoned out, leave the inside of the tank clean.

Rocket Career.

I have never subscribed to the doctrine that lots of potential genii (plural of "genius," and no relation to giants and ogres) are walking about the world undiscovered owing to "bad luck," lack of opportunity and so forth. No; I have always believed that the man or woman who has the right make-up for "getting on" in this world will rise to the top regardless of anything. But whether this "getting on" business brings a happy and well-balanced life is quite another matter. Anyway, the motor trade is full of men who have rocketed to the top, easily the most notable of which is Viscount Nuffield. And now a discovery of his, Mr. W. M. W. Thomas, becomes his right-hand man as vice-president of that great industrial group known as Morris Motors, Ltd. Sixteen years ago Thomas was editing a small motoring journal, from which he joined the then W. R. Morris as starter-up and editor of a new paper, *The Morris Owner*. From that moment his career has consisted of a series of zooms which a few years ago landed him up as managing director of Wolseley Motors, Ltd., under the late Oliver Boden. The latter's sudden and untimely end a few weeks ago made way for Thomas's latest advancement. Nor do those who know him best imagine he has reached his ceiling. For he is still a young man, but a young man in whom the imagination and enthusiasm of youth are wedded to the wisdom and experience of age.



MLLE. MARGUERITE SCIALTI

Well known as an *agent de liaison* between English and French authors and playwrights, Mlle. Scialtiel is now busy on a somewhat different job, with her car and herself both fully equipped for the wars, from gas-mask to tin hat. One of her wartime good works is the maintenance of a travelling library to take books to those remote "somewheres," where they are most welcome

Coaching Down the Great North Road.

Petrol coupons being short, I found myself motor-coaching it down the Great North Road. Every day the United Service, pioneer of long-distance road travel, runs a coach from Newcastle-on-Tyne to London. It takes about twelve hours for the 276 miles, and the fare is less than a penny a mile. They will pick you up and set you down anywhere on the road, but the fare is calculated between the nearest official stops. I had stayed overnight at a new hotel at Scotch Corner, where Arthur Giordano, late of the Savoy and Kettner's, dispenses a West End atmosphere in a Yorkshire setting. The motor-coach formed the only link with another amusing new hotel, to wit, Punch's, outside Doncaster, which I wanted to see. Doncaster has needed a place of this kind for years and now, thanks to two local notables and the efforts of Lieut.-Colonel Elwy Jones, it has got it. That the place is a roaring success was proved by a full cocktail-bar and dining-room and the presence of twenty cars on the tarmac outside. The food is definitely good and the beds and bathrooms most tastefully appointed.

Interest in the actual trip never lagged. For if you're lucky and grab the nearside front seat, you have an observation-point from which to take in the road and its surroundings. This seat is, roughly, as high as the roof of the ordinary car, so you see far more than when driving yourself. And as your average speed compares favourably with that of an 8- or 10-h.p. car, this method of travelling has much to recommend it.

I noted that north of Boroughbridge they are making a few miles of twin track. It starts and ends out in the blue, and I wondered how many years would elapse before it was finished for a worth-while length. And then I approved the shallow, bevel-edged kerbs that fringed considerable distances of the old road. But I could award no bonus marks to an "A1" trunk road which for most of its length was continually changing its width from a two- to a three-track lane.

Another thing that impressed me was the skill and highly developed mechanical sense of the coach-drivers. They invariably coasted down gradients to save petrol, and one told me that their five-cylinder Leyland Diesels do about 17 miles to the gallon.



OFFICERS OF AN R.A.F. STATION H.Q.

The Officer Commanding this station "somewhere in England," Group-Captain W. B. Farrington, possesses, besides the D.S.O., the French Croix de Guerre as a memento of "last time." He also saw service as recently as 1935 in the Mohmand operations and was mentioned in despatches on that occasion as well as in the first German war

In the group are: (l. to r., standing) Flt.-Lieut. H. West, F.-O. A. W. Buck, F.-O. D. H. Lowe, F.-O. H. I. Hughes, Flt.-Lieut. M. F. G. Mill, D.F.M., Sq.-Leader Rev. E. W. L. May, Flt.-Lieut. J. M. Southwell, F.-O. R. M. Lambert, Major F. M. Parker (ret.), Flt.-Lieut. J. G. Younghusband, Flt.-Lieut. H. A. Williams, Flt.-Lieut. B. A. C. Wood, F.-O. W. O. L. Smith, Flt.-Lieut. J. E. Stuart-Lyon; (seated) 2nd Lieut. H. G. Baddeley, Sq.-Leader H. Meredith, Sq.-Leader N. E. Morrison, Sq.-Leader A. F. Britton, Group-Captain W. B. Farrington, D.S.O. (Officer Commanding), Lieut.-Commander S. T. Morgan, R.N., Sq.-Leader F. C. Chalmers, Sq.-Leader K. D. Abercromby, Sq.-Leader H. E. Bellringer

THE NEW DUKE OF
HAMILTON AND
BRANDON
AND
HIS THREE BROTHERS

The death of the late Duke of Hamilton created the unusual situation of two of his sons becoming peers, the former Marquess of Clydesdale succeeding to the Dukedom and his brother, Lord Nigel Hamilton, succeeding to the Earldom of Selkirk and the Barony of Daer and Shortcleuch. Like the new Duke, all his three brothers are in the Royal Air Force, the Duke of Hamilton being a Wing Commander and the holder of the A.F.C.—a distinction he was awarded for leading that amazing Houston Expedition flight over Everest in 1933—amazing because the “fence” in front was 29,141 feet high. His Grace, as is well known, is an ex-heavyweight boxing champion of Oxford. He went up to Balliol from Eton. The new Duchess of Hamilton is the former Lady Elizabeth Percy, a sister of the present Duke of Northumberland



(L. TO R.) LORD DAVID DOUGLAS-HAMILTON, THE DUKE OF HAMILTON, THE EARL OF SELKIRK
AND LORD MALCOLM DOUGLAS-HAMILTON

Photos. : Fayer

ALL MEN SALUTE THE SENIOR SERVICE

By
MICHAEL ARLEN

"**M**Y dear fellow," said the Naval Officer, "I can't tell you what a holiday this kind of thing is for me. We had a delightful dinner—and now, thanks to a sensible degree of lawlessness, we are sitting in an agreeable place with nobody to please but ourselves. Mind you now, from here on this is my party. My dear fellow, I insist. Have some brandy."

"Some of these bottle-party places," I said, "are not too bad. This one, for example, is sometimes full of charm. Not quiet charm, unavoidably. It is unfair to attack all bottle-parties indiscriminately."

"My dear fellow," said the Naval Officer, "a great number of harmless pleasures are unfairly attacked. Am I right? There are always people ready and willing to make themselves thoroughly disagreeable in any really disagreeable cause. You ought to write a book about it. You ought to tell them off."

"About being disagreeable?"

"About liver, my dear fellow. Causes no end of avoidable trouble. The liver of righteousness is the enemy of man, and it can't be cured by taking pills, more's the pity. Dear me, the stories I could tell you of the avoidable trouble that has been caused in my job by the liver of righteousness. Have some brandy. Take liver away from mankind, my dear fellow, and you have *homo sapiens*—but not till you've cut his liver out."

Iron-grey and high-coloured, the Naval Officer wore lightly the honourable quantity of gold on his sleeve. His looks combined shyness with authority, a maritime mixture said to be peculiar to men who frequently sleep in draughty places with their boots on, though some shrewd naval observers have put it down to early disappointment in love. His eyes had that dry look of frozen remoteness, usually to be seen only in very dry Martinis, frosty-white with icy blue depths and just the faintest hint of a yellowish tinge, the white and the blue being inherited from Drake and Hawkins and Howe and the tinge being due to acidity, to which all mortal men are liable, even Rear-Admirals.

"My dear fellow," he said, "it's up to you writing chaps to band together in defence of harmless pleasures. I believe there's a movement somewhere, probably in America, called Moral Re-armament. Sounds horrible to me. But what we really want, what poor mankind is crying out for, is a strong body of opinion to advocate Liver Disarmament. Am I right? This world will be sunk if some of us don't pretty soon take strong steps to disarm the liver of righteousness. It has stunted mankind throughout the ages. Have some brandy."

"My dear fellow, you writers have a high office, a great responsibility. So what you chaps might do soon, as a start, is to laugh doddering and tiresome old men out of writing poison-pen letters to the newspapers. The irresponsible chatter of old men, my dear fellow, has been allowed to go on for too long. As a small instance, take this bottle-party business that's being attacked now. I read recently some letters in a newspaper attacking it savagely, and just as a matter of interest I got my daughter to look up the ages of some of these improving blokes. My dear fellow, do you know that just four of them added up to a cool 290 years? Add the newspaper-proprietor to that, and you have about 350 years of downright self-opinionated officiousness trying to sit on the fun of a boy or girl of twenty. My dear fellow, it's an outrage. The

only cure for all this is Liver Disarmament, and you writers should set about girding up your loins before it's too late. Have some brandy."

"Now take us, sitting here—men of discretion, with jobs to do, and families to support. What harm are we doing by coming here once in a blue moon? It's no concern of ours that the hotels may be losing some business—I've had just over fifty years experience of being stung by hotels all over the world, and am I going to cry tears now if they are losing some of my money? And take my boys—I've got two, both in the Air Arm. I could wish that one of them had stayed on land or sea, but who am I to judge, anyway? Now the liver of righteousness says that impressionable young men should not waste time, money and health in places like this. The liver of righteousness says that young men should be content to die in defence of a world which old men have ruined, without the right to play the giddy goat occasionally."

"My dear fellow, I am delighted to say that both my boys spend a great part of their leave-nights in places like this, or even worse, and I should take a very gloomy view of the future of England if they didn't. Have some brandy. Why shouldn't they? My daughter comes too, though

she crosses her heart she doesn't. Bless her sweet lying heart. My dear fellow, this world stinks to high Heaven with the mistakes of middle-age and age—but it is always youth that has to pay the doctor's bills with cheques on the sound old-established bank of Messrs. Death, Disenchantment and Hell. And all to pay for the ruddy inefficiency and liver troubles of old men like myself."

"But there's another thing—another function of the liver—improving people. My dear fellow, I'll bet wild animals have a really good laugh when they think how much blood has been shed by men in making men better. Robespierre

was a great improver, but this chap Stalin appears to have the makings of an absolute ace. Am I right? And look at Christianity. It must give the good Lord the willies to think of the blood shed by Catholics improving Protestants and Protestants improving Calvinists and Christians improving Jews and so on. Have some brandy."

"Christianity," I said, "has quite given up trying to improve anything now, even itself. It has been sleeping peacefully for years."

"My dear fellow, that's just why I've great hopes for it yet—just because it's bed-ridden. And one of these days it will speak up from its bed and the world will believe the sick old man. My dear fellow, England absolutely reveres old age, and the older the better. Mr. Chamberlain is only seventy-one now, but wait till he's on ninety and you'll see us *really* believing in him. Who was it who wrote in a book that in England a man has to be bed-ridden to be believed?"

"Me," I said shyly.

"My dear fellow, have some brandy."

"It's empty," I said.

"Capital. So now we can go home. My dear fellow, I must thank you for a really agreeable evening. You writer chaps have a stimulating line of talk that does a quiet old bloke like me all the good in the world. Now as we go out, do you mind not glancing to the far right? My daughter is there with a young chap, and I haven't seen her, so she thinks, and if I haven't seen her she can't be there, can she? Good-night to you, waiter. I thank you."



LINE AHEAD! BATTLESHIPS IN FIGHTING FORMATION



TRIALS OF A CONTRABAND CONTROL OFFICER

By WING-COMMANDER E. G. OAKLEY-BEUTTLER

A SOCIETY PAY-PARTY IN AID OF



MR. R. GERRARD AND THE HON. SHEILA DIGBY

LORD MOYNE, PRINCESS TATIANA WIASEMSKY AND MR. JACK YOUNGER



SIR VICTOR WARRENDER AND COUNTESS RACZYNSKI



MAJOR AND MRS. GERRARD, THE HON. MRS. ACTON AND CAPTAIN MURPHY

LADY PHYLLIS



LADY RACHEL DAVIDSON AND H.E. COUNT EDWARD RACZYNSKI

No worthier object than that for which this pay-party was held could be imagined—comforts for that gallant remnant of Poland's armed forces which was left after the German and Russian despoilers had won a "war" in which the odds were more than 200 to 1 in their favour, at a conservative estimate. Since it is no State secret and is well known to the enemy, it can be stated that this fund will benefit the units of the Polish Army which are re-forming in France and any Polish naval units which are co-operating with Allied navies. The party was organised by Lady Warrender, wife of Sir Victor Warrender, Financial Secretary to the War Department, and Mrs. Robert Jenkinson, whose husband, Captain Jenkinson, Household Cavalry, is seen in one of these pictures helping Lady Warrender to receive the guests at that favourite rendezvous, Jules. Sir Victor Warrender is with the charming wife of H.E. the Polish Ambassador, Count Edward Raczynski. She was, before her marriage, Miss Cecile Jaroszynski. The birth of a small daughter to their Excellencies was announced in June last year in the not quite so unhappy times before the German outrage. Count



LADY MARY PRATT, THE LADY BRIDGET ELLIO

POLAND'S ARMED FORCES COMFORTS

MR. JOHN FARQUHAR
AND MISS OSLO BENNINGTHE HON. GRANIA GUINNESS, MR. JOHN
LEWIS AND LADY BRIDGET PARSONSLADY IRENE HAIG, MR. A. V. WELLESLEY, MISS BARBARA
ALLEN, MR. DESMOND MAGILL AND MISS BRODRICKLADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN
AND MR. THOMAS WELDON

Edward Raczynski was appointed to his present charge in 1934, and it is the set purpose of the Allies to sign no peace with the gangsters which does not provide for Poland's deliverance from the abominable tyranny under which she is groaning. Lady Rachel Davidson, who is seen sitting with the Polish Ambassador, is the eldest of the Duke of Norfolk's three sisters and married Mr. Colin Keppel Davidson last year. Society's young brigade was well represented, as will no doubt be observed, headed by Lord and Lady Carisbrooke's pretty daughter, Lady Iris Mountbatten, backed by one of the season's acknowledged belles, Miss Maxine Birley, Lord Moyne's only daughter, the Hon. Grania Guinness, and Lord and Lady Digby's younger daughter, the Hon. Sheila Digby, Lady Irene Haig, beautiful Miss Barbara McNeil, Lady Mary Pratt, Lady Bridget Elliot, Lord and Lady Minto's elder daughter, and many more, each one of whom played up nobly to make this gathering the success which unquestionably it was, as, in view of the worthiness of the cause, it thoroughly deserved to be

Photos. by Swaebe

N. RICHARD STANLEY,
ND MR. G. ASTORCAPTAIN OSWALD BIRLEY
AND MISS MAXINE BIRLEY

"MOONSHINE"

AT THE
VAUDEVILLE THEATRE

I GUESS that Messrs. Reginald Arkell and Archibald de Bear, when they decided to write a revue called *Moonshine*, first of all set out to learn something about the moon. They may have looked it up in an encyclopædia; and if it was the same brand as mine, they read the following under the section headed: "Moon, The": ". . . the M. has no atmosphere, and there is no evidence of the presence of moisture in any form. These two facts imply that life as we know it does not and cannot exist on the M." For this reason they probably agreed that a Turkish bath would provide the best setting in which to write it. For Turkish baths (outside the steam-room—and this has next to no atmosphere) are devoid of moisture; and they are about as remote from ordinary life as it is possible to get in a big, pulsating city. You can forget most things except a headache when sitting in the *tepidarium*, and there are no sounds except the tinkle of ice in tonic water, an infrequent grunt from the fat lawyer in the next chair but one, and the gentle chatter of nice young bureaucrats from the wartime Ministries.

So Messrs. de Bear and Arkell presumably went to the Hammam in Jermyn Street, where the light from the high blue dome suggests insubstantial moonshine. A Turkish bath does not inspire great thoughts. It induces, rather, languor plus memory and rumination. So they

"BANDIT'S OPERA":
ALLAN BOURNE WEBB
AND SYLVIA MARRIOTT

By
ALAN BOTT

concocted a nice, quiet little show, studded with old tunes and as remote from earthiness as the moon itself. And they seem to have kept in mind the further lunar note in the encyclopædia: "The surface of the M. is broken and uneven. The shallow depressions (called *maria* by Galileo) can be seen as dull patches by the naked eye." They forgot to be moonstruck only when they chose Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor as *commère*; for Miss Stamp-Taylor is a beauty with a splendid terrestrial body, a bland but worldly manner and a good deal of vitality. Perhaps they selected her in revulsion from the bodies, of all male shapes and unearthly sizes, that droop like corpses upon the chaise-longues in Turkish baths.

Since this is an escapist revue, there is nothing about any war that can be recognised as such. Miss Stamp-Taylor's first job is to promise that there shall be no songs about the war. Admittedly, she herself appears soon afterwards in an orderly-room sketch; but this episode is as far as Sweden from warlike intention, its main effect being to demonstrate how battle-dress can make even the finest female figures look like sacks of porridge. There is also a foretaste of German conquest, but only to show a future Boat Race at Goering-on-Thames, with appropriate song ("Schwim, Schwim Together"), and with Cambridge gloriously scuttling their boat rather than lose by



IN BATTLE DRESS: ENID STAMP-TAYLOR

25 lengths. But the war song to end war songs—"Don't Sing a Song About the War"—has so catchy a chime that it is liable to become a favourite war-song.

Mr. Jack Strachey, who wrote this number and is the revue's official composer, has collaborated with a dozen colleagues long since dead, including the composer of *The Beggar's Opera*. The show opens with the trilling, shrilling or otherwise crooning of most known songs about the moon, from "Au Clair de la Lune," "I Used to Spoon" (but for some reason they forgot "The Moon Shines Bright on Charlie Chaplin"). And elsewhere they hark back to famous ditties in Strand history, featuring among others one from *The Quaker Girl*—charming, but sadly lacking in Gertie Millar; the theme song of *The Last Waltz*—luscious, but by no means José Collins; and the inevitable "Lily of Laguna," pleasantly rendered by Mr. Eric Anderson—in fact, quite like Eugene Stratton.

This glorified sing-song is the most attractive thing in the revue. The brightest is the ten minutes in an Olde Tea Shoppe, where over-ladylike young women chant of their hotte crosse bunnies, maggottie hammes and whatnottes. The cleverest is a rural recitation of well-turned lyrics about gardens and things, taken from Author Arkell's book of light verse, *Green Fingers* (Jenkins, 3s. 6d.—on sale at all bookshops and should be on sale in the Vaudeville Theatre). Some other items are fair to middling, including a chinky-chinky-velly-velly piece of sailorman-Chinoiserie. At least one more is fair to good—some tra-la-la in a music shop. The worst are

ERIC ANDERSON,
FRANK DREW
AND (BELOW)
HELGA BURGESS



undoubtedly a domestic sketch and a character-sketch, which I find marked on my programme as fair to rotten.

As to the cast, Miss Stamp-Taylor says and does much gracefully; Mr. Eric Anderson has a pleasant voice and manner; so have Miss Sylvia Marriott and Mr. Allan Bourne Webb; and so has Miss Jasmine Dee, with a nice line of impudence as extra weight. I find I gave an emphatic tick on the programme against something called "Bill and Oliver," and must have been pleased by this turn from Mr. John Jackson and Miss Dolly Bouwmeester; but for the life of me I cannot now remember what it was. *Moonshine*, indeed, is one of those affairs that rattle along agreeably enough at the time, and by the next day but one have left hardly any impression. It is not memorable; but then, neither is any moonshine. With a little patience, you might well find something less acceptable than this entertainment among the many, many musicals that have come to town during these moderately warlike months. If the search were confined to other twice-nightly shows, you could find it easily.



MICHELE MORGAN

This young dramatic actress is rapidly taking her place in the top flight of France's exponents of the theatrical art. She will be especially remembered over here for two memorable film performances, with Jean Gabin in *Quai des Brumes* and with Charles Boyer in *Orage*

TRÈS CHER—I was asked the other day why I so rarely make any comment on the political situation as it affects the Parisians. My reply was that, to begin with, I am not politically minded and, secondly, that if I criticised the remarks of my fellow-citizens or passed on certain snippets of information made by some of my friends-in-power when they are in a slippered mood after that rare—to them—occurrence, a quiet dinner at home, they would never again invite me to share the family *pot-au-feu*. As to my own private opinion, when (at time o' writing) the policy of making haste slowly and waiting for the other feller to holler first seems to be a blank wash-out, it would raise such an effluvium that even the most unsuspicious censor would sniff it out from the very bottom of the post-bag. Then again, if I said what we all think of "that place" in the rue de Grenelle where Stalin's little pets have their headquarters, and which has to be guarded day and night by the Parisian police, there would be even more trouble. The lads of the Latin Quarter find it difficult to believe in the droll (?) situation that insists that we are not at war with Russia, and they have to be headed off—most unwillingly by the police—when they arrive on a window-smashing expedition.

I sympathise with them, not that window-smashing does any good—except to glaziers—beyond letting off a little steam . . . or do I mean "out" rather than "off"? I am told that the once lovely old house in the rue de Grenelle is now incredibly filthy, and that one sees all sorts of weird things crawling over the window-sills and oozing out under the doors. But of course I wouldn't really know about this myself as I invariably make a *détour* in a loyal endeavour



Photos.: Star Presse

BRIGHTENING THE BLUE-OUT
Paris may be only blue to London's black, but its inhabitants are just as much in need of light-hearted entertainment to drive the blues away as we are. And they are lucky to have (amongst others) the Shiel Sisters, seen above in one of the figures of their "Hunt the Slipper" dance, to brighten things up with their gay quips and clever dancing

one's troubles, but it will be at least another month before I shall be able to obtain leave of absence from ambulance duty. God's chillun 've still got 'flu, and we still tote 'em along to the various hospitals, where they are given a few spoonfuls of cough mixture, an extra few days of leave, and are sent on their way rejoicing. But even if I happened to be a lady-of-leisure (which God forbid!), I doubt if I'd have the nerve to drive along the Croisette in dear "Miss Chrysler 1924" after six months of taxi-work, during which we have carried anything and everything, from crates of glass-ware to sacks of coal! Her engine runs better than ever, but her coachwork . . . oh, mong Dew! And where am I to find a beauty specialist to patch up her battered complexion, when they are all working overtime in the various factories? One can hardly see the asphalt of the Croisette for Rolls, Talbots, Packards and Hispanos. What would "Miss Chrysler 1924" be doin' in such company? Once more, "I arks yer!"

PRISCILLA.

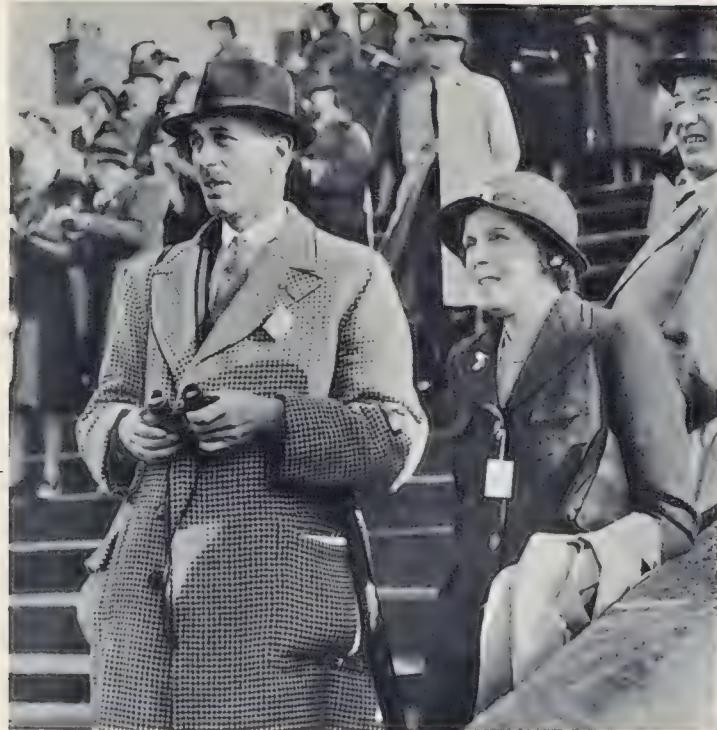
Priscilla in Paris

to obey the behest of the three little monkeys—the only souvenir I brought back from New York's Chinatown—to "see, hear, and speak no evil." We have all had a nasty shock, and on liquor-restriction days even the members of the champagne-cocktail brigade let their favourite tipple grow warm while they listen to the *Télé-Esse-Effe* and try to make out how the Russo-Finnish "Peace" will affect the Ultimate Issue. At the Crillon Bar it was given to a beardless French aviator to ease the tension and raise a laugh. "So long as France has the R.A.F. and England has Us," he declared, "everything is going to be just all right!" Babes and innocents always know how to find the *lame* lining when the rest of the world sees nothing but the cotton-wool cloud.

It is good news that the hitherto stringent rules that have governed the money exchange between England and France are to be relaxed. Having recently had to wait over three weeks for a banker's draft to materialise, in my favour, between London and Paris, I could speak, with bitter experience, of the difficulties we have been up against, but what is the good of grumbling about something that is, I hope, over and done with.

The Easter rush to the Riviera was almost as in pre-this-war days. My stable-mate, who has been in the South on convalescent leave, came home delighted with his holiday.

Cannes is herself again: the hotels that we prefer are open on *la Croisette*, the gardens are lovely, the A.R.P. shelters are not allowed to really spoil the landscape, and M. André has the Casino and the Ambassadeurs going in full swing. The luncheon and dinner crowds seem even smarter than usual, by reason of the lads in uniform—when the male of the species goes all decorative he does the job very completely. Tea-time, with its music-hall entertainment, brings an extremely youthful audience to the Ambassadeurs also; for all the children of France, and quite a few of Great Britain, are on the azure coast—I write, of course, of the lucky infants who have silver spoons to scrape their jam-pots with. In point of fact, they might just as well be electro-plate; one doesn't have to be particularly millionaire-ish to enjoy the Riviera these days, where the slogan might easily be "Prices less than usual." I would have liked to take a week off for a quick dash to this land of sunshine, where one is almost obliged to forget



CAPTAIN AND MRS. DARBY ROGERS IN IRELAND
FOR THE DURATION



MAJOR AND MRS. VICTOR PARR, MRS. LIVINGSTONE-LEARMONTH,
MISS DEIDRE SHEPHERD AND MR. R. P. GILL

AMONGST THOSE WHO WENT RACING IN "THE PHAYNIX"



MR. AND MRS. Dermot
McGILLCUDDY

Dublin's very own race-course has again succumbed to the lure of a mixed card, a bit of jumping intermingled with the flat, and it was on the suggestion of Miss Dorothy Paget that hurdle races were included in the card on the day these pictures were taken. Jumping and all-four-feet-on-the-ground events happen at a great many Irish race-meetings. Miss Dorothy Paget gave a cup for this particular meeting, and it was won by Mr. J. V. Rank's "Skooter," last year's Irish Leger winner, in the easiest of canters! All the staunch supporters were on the premises—foxhunting, as ever, being well represented. Major and Mrs. Victor Parr are both ex-Joint-Masters of the Meath, and Mrs. Livingstone-Learmonth is keeping the Duhallow's flag flying during the absence battle-



LADY NUGENT WITH HER SON AND DAUGHTER,
PETER AND GLORIA
(BELOW) MR. TERENCE WELDON, MRS. WILFRED
FITZ GERALD AND R. CARTWRIGHT



MRS. EVELYN SHIRLEY AND
LORD BICESTER



fighting of her husband. Miss Deidre Shepherd, who is in the same group, is a Duhallow "addict." Mr. Gill was on leave from his mechanised cavalry unit in France. Lord Bicester was another prominent personality, and all his friends are wishing him luck with "Roquilla" in the National on Friday. Mrs. Wilfred Fitz Gerald is with the clever Irish light-weight who rode her "Fondest" in the Arklow Plate and caught the judge's eye at the right moment. Mr. Terence Weldon is Mrs. Fitz Gerald's son by her first marriage to the late Sir Anthony Weldon. Mr. Wilfred Fitz Gerald is the president of the All-Ireland Polo Club. Captain Darby Rogers is training in Ireland for the duration and Mr. Dermot McGillicuddy is a son of The McGillicuddy of the Reeks

WAR WITHIN A WAR! BOXING AT EARLS COURT



MRS. ARCHIE CAMPBELL
AND SIR ANTHONY WELDON



LADY QUEENSBERRY AND MR. AND MRS. RICHARD
TAUBER (DIANA NAPIER)



LIEUT. GUY ROBSON, R.N.
AND MRS. ROBSON



THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH AND
THE HON. MRS. RICHARD NORTON



LADY WORTHINGTON EVANS, MR. G. B. ISMAY
AND (LEFT) A FRIEND



LORD WIGRAM, HEAD OF RED CROSS
SPORTS COMMITTEE

The Marquess of Queensberry, the organiser of this and many other boxing fixtures, had every reason to be satisfied with this latest one in aid of Red Cross funds, and the programme presented gave all the patrons full value for money. There was a great scrap between Freddie Simpson and James, the Welsh "champ.," who won, but only just, and Arthur Danahar won his fight with Norman Snow, who had to retire at the end of the second round. All the well-known interested ones were there, headed by Lord Wigram, who is the directing head of sport connected with Red Cross enterprises. The Duke of Marlborough rarely misses an opportunity, and Richard Tauber, though concerned with something far removed from fisticuffs, is another who is always keenly interested. Lady Queensberry, wife of the noble promoter and much more usually associated with an art other than the fistic one, seems to have been as much thrilled as Richard Tauber's pretty wife, well known on the movies as Diana Napier. Another interested party was Sir Anthony Weldon, now R.A.F. and formerly a Dublin Fusilier. Mrs. Archie Campbell is, like many other devoted ladies, doing fine work in the nation's cause



THE MARQUESS OF QUEENSBERRY
AND MR. T. S. OVERY



UNFADING ELEGANCE WITH
ELIZABETH ARDEN'S
 ESSENTIAL PREPARATIONS

Sophistication and simplicity may walk hand in hand . . . To-day the world's loveliest and wisest women—leaders of fashion wherever they go—realise that though their beauty regime must be thorough, it need not be elaborate or expensive. Night and morning they *Cleanse, Tone, Nourish* with Elizabeth Arden's famous Essential Preparations—her *Cleansing Cream, Skin Tonic* and *Velva Cream* or *Orange Skin Food* (the latter particularly recommended if the skin is dry). To ensure a perfect make-up they use Miss Arden's exquisite powder and lipsticks—in combination with her new and immensely popular *All Day Foundation*, if the day they confront is likely to be long and arduous. No need to touch their faces again till the evening is done with. Round the clock their complexion is flawless—their charm unfading! *Cleansing Cream 4/6* * *Skin Tonic 4/-* * *Velva Cream 4/6* * *All Day Foundation 5/6*

Elizabeth Arden

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

THE manager of the provision store had three large cheeses on his hands which were not very fresh. At last he had a brain-wave. When closing-time approached he instructed his assistant to put one of them in the back-yard to see if anyone would take it during the night. The assistant did so, and next morning he reported that the cheese had disappeared. That evening the second cheese was deposited in the yard, and in the morning that also had gone.

On the third evening the remaining cheese was carried out.

"Well," said the manager next morning, rubbing his hands in satisfaction, "I suppose we've got rid of the third cheese?"

"No," was the reply, "and the other two have come back."

* * * * *

Two men, total strangers to each other, were seated in a railway compartment. Presently one looked at the other for a few minutes, and then cried in dismay:

"I've dreaded this all my life! I always knew my hearing wasn't good, but I never expected to go stone deaf."

"What's the trouble?" asked the other.

"Well, you've been speaking to me for some time and I haven't heard one word."

"Speaking to you? I'm not—I'm just chewing gum."

* * * * *

Two young sailors home on leave were driving along a narrow street when a policeman halted them.

"You can't come down here," he snapped. "One-way street."

The driver of the car began to turn down a side street.

"Not there, either!" barked the arm of the law. "No left-hand turn."

The driver was completely bewildered. "But which way can we go?" he asked. The policeman turned his back. So he turned to his friend and said: "Well, what do we do now, John?"

"Scuttle her!" came the prompt retort.

* * * * *

"Now, my lad," said the head of the house, "you must get rid of that dog you brought home a fortnight ago. He's a nuisance and barks too much."

"Oh, Dad!" began the youngster dolefully.

"Yes, get rid of him, and I'll give you half a crown."

The next day little Billy asked for the half-crown.

"He's gone, Dad," he explained.

"Good!" said his father, handing over the money. "How did you manage to get rid of him?"

"I swapped him for three puppies."

A New Yorker drove his visiting country cousin around the town, pointing out the various wonders of the metropolis. He slowed his car before a tall building.

"Look at this building," the New Yorker cried proudly. "It's one hundred storeys high."

The farmer nodded slowly.

"Doggone fine building," he admitted. "Makes yer haid spin jest to look up at it."

The pair drove a mile down-town, and the city man paused to signal out another building.

"Here's a new skyscraper," he informed.

The farmer stroked his chin.

"Fifty storeys, eh?" he drawled. "What made them stop in the middle?"

* * *

An earnest but short-sighted officer was on kit inspection in a not-too-well-lighted barrack-room.

Someone had left a mop leaning against a bed.

"Sergeant!" roared the officer.

"Sir?" asked the sergeant.

"See that man has his hair cut at once!"

* * *

The minister spoke to one of his flock after the service.

"Aye," said Mac, "yon was a powerful discourse on thrifte ye preached."

"I'm glad you were able to profit by it," said the minister, with satisfaction.

"Profit! Why, mon, I would have sloshed ma saxpence into the plate wi'oot a thought if it hadn't been for your providential words. They saved me fourpence there and then."

* * *

The visitor was being shown round the R.A.F. headquarters, and he asked a never-ending string of questions.

"I say," he said at last, "how is it that you have so many Scotsmen among your pilots?"

The guide snatched at the opportunity.

"Well, sir," he said, "since the Scots have learned that every cloud has a silver lining we can't keep 'em out."

* * *

The big sailor was home on leave, and was celebrating in the local inn. After consuming about ten pints, he suddenly glared round the bar and shouted: "Anybody here want a fight?"

The locals were all busy with their drinks. Again he shouted: "Anybody here want a fight?" But again he received no answer.

He drank his beer, turned round and said: "Well, you're the most unsociable lot of blighters I've ever met."

Thoughts on things generally

In a world upset by so many "upsetting" people, it may seem selfish to think of lovely things to wear—but, bless your heart, it's human! Even in these changed days it's nice to know that the utter loveliness, the sheer silken feel of Bear Brand stockings can still be enjoyed. And (redeeming thought); they really are the most economical form of extravagance obtainable. In fact many women place them firmly under the heading of "absolute necessities" for maintaining the feminine morale.



Bear Brand



Silk Luxury Stockings
3/11 · 4/11 · 5/11 · 6/11



OFFICERS OF AN R.A.F. TRAINING STATION

With our Air Force increasing, as far as machines are concerned, at the full production rate of our many factories, training stations such as this one are all over the country working at full pressure to turn the fine material which is flooding into the R.A.F. into pilots of that very high calibre which has always been our tradition

In this group are: (l. to r.; back row) P/O. R. Lutjens, P/O. P. E. Davies, Flt-Lieut. Sir Anthony Weldon, Bt., P/O. B. M. Russ-Turner, P/O. R. J. Debenham, F/O. J. B. Copley, P/O. T. V. Fitch, C. F. Pennell, N. M. Hollier, W. L. Hughes; (middle row) Flt-Lieuts. R. W. Holloway, J. Toulmin, E. G. Frost, F. K. R. Coldstream, P/O. C. A. Chope, F/O. H. N. C. G. Goodwin-Bailey, F/O. H. L. Hutchinson, Flt-Lieut. A. G. Vaughan, P/O. K. C. Holloway, F/O. L. Stone; (front row) Flt-Lieut. Sir John Milbanke, Bt., Sq-Ldr. W. E. Barclay, Wing-Com. W. G. Horne, Group-Captain E. G. Davis, Wing-Com. R. G. Frith, Sq-Ldr. R. A. R. Coote-Robinson, Flt-Lieut. E. St. Hill Davies, F/O. R. S. Kemp-Scriven

American Air.

IN spite of their crudity, which imagines that socking people on the jaw is the apex of virility; in spite of their abysmal ignorance of the art of living, which groups wine with methylated spirits under the single term of "liquor"; in spite of their women, who are the most repulsively masterful on earth; in spite of their inability to understand the meaning of justice, the Americans are a likeable people. American men are certainly the most easily dominated. They are harried continuously by their women and by their clocks. To an American a visit to a foreign country means a race against the clock. We have learnt this when their aviation representatives have come over here and it has been rather disappointing to us; for we wanted—many of us—to show them some hospitality, even if it was only to offer them a glass of iced water.

But although we like the Americans, their behaviour about Allied orders for aeroplanes, in so far as it has been revealed in messages to this country, is a little puzzling. First they sent over a lot of stuff saying how wonderful their military aircraft are. Stories of 650-, 700- and even 800-kilometres-an-hour aeroplanes flowed in from New York with almost monotonous regularity. Then they sent over a lot of stuff saying what huge orders for these aeroplanes had been placed by the Allies. I did not make a list of these reported orders. But news of them flowed in just as lavishly as the news about the wonderful performances of the new American machines.

Then suddenly—not long before I sat down to write these words—there came the report that all Allied orders were held up because consideration was to be given to the supplying of aircraft to belligerents. It may be, of course—and they have good excuse—that when they were talking so big about the wonderful machines that the Allies would have,

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

they did not realise that the Allies were a belligerent. Anyhow, they certainly led the Allies up the garden, rather as they led the wretched Finns up the garden, only to drop them at the critical moment. To anyone not knowing the Americans, it might look like blackguardly behaviour. But

those who know them ever that it is simply their democratic and disputatious way of doing things and that they mean no harm. I hope that may prove to be true. But whether true or not, it should emphasise the lesson which we ought to have learned already: that the only people on whom we can rely for military aircraft in this war are ourselves and our ally, France.

France Going Ahead.

Incidentally, the production-rate in France is soaring. Their factories are getting down to production in a remarkable manner, and some of the new French machines are extremely fast. It is amazing the way France has built up her aircraft industry in so short a space of time. It will be recalled that, not long before the outbreak of war, it was in a very poor state indeed. Yet it has been put in order and made to work swiftly and well in a few months. It argues that the French have not lost their powers of ingenuity and improvisation or their engineering genius. In the war of 1914 France led the dance all the time in the engineering excellence of her air products. This time she is not going to be behind, though she was certainly a late starter.

Air-Minded.

It was interesting to hear one of our most eminent scientists express the view that, since the start of the Hitler régime in Germany, the quality and quantity of German scientific publications had progressively declined. Aviation depends so much upon advanced research and technical development that



AIR COMMODORE R. L. G. MARIX,
D.S.O.

One of the most striking aerial adventures of the last war was the bombing attack on Düsseldorf, carried out by the present Air Commodore Marix, when a Zeppelin was destroyed in its shed in the pioneer days of 1914. The protagonist of this gallant exploit is still in the Service, which is just another warning to the enemy to take cover



Chesro Model EA-65. Smartly tailored in checked Luxora, a crease-resistant cotton. Crisp white pique on revers, pockets, sleeves and belt. Buttons to hem with chic, white buttons. Will wash excellently — simply wash as wool.

Chesro Model EA-56. (Centre) Graceful frock in Tootole. Soft bodice is becoming to all figures. Finished novel bow ornament. The delightful texture of this crease-resistant rayon lends itself admirably to the new flared skirt. Washes excellently — wash as silk.

The Chesro Models shown here are typical examples of Chesro cut and style. Notice their perfect lines, the clever detail, the individual character of trimmings and accessories. All Chesro Models are made of Tootal materials, so you can be sure they will prove thoroughly practical in wear.



Chesro Model EA-6. Beautifully tailored frock in Tootal Linen. Clever cording and broderie Anglaise trimming. Two-toned buttons to hem. Pleated skirt gives ample freedom. Crease-resistant and splendidly washable. Wash as wool, iron damp.

Chesro
Dresses

Trade Mark

IN TOOTAL FABRICS

Regd.

★ Write for booklet describing other Models in the Chesro collection, to Chesro Ltd., Dept. 10T, 90 Gt. Bridgewater Street, Manchester.

SHE WAS THAT SORT OF LADY

By
CHARLES BIRKIN

FANZETTI'S—EATS" was the title emblazoned in flaking gold on the fly-blown window of the restaurant. "Fanzetti's—Eats" was in no way remarkable among the hundreds of similar cheap establishments that are scattered over every big city in America. It occupied a sub-basement in a dingy brown stone house; there was a cramped hallway, and a narrow dining-room, behind which was a bar leading into the kitchen. Just where Mr. and Mrs. Fanzetti and their children slept and had their being was by no means evident to their customers, since no familiarities were encouraged.

Tony Fanzetti had occupied these premises for the past eleven years, and at first his business had thriven, for it had been the habit for a number of the more comfortably off artists and writers to make the place an informal club. Why they should have chosen Fanzetti's was a mystery. True, Maria's cooking was good; but no better than that offered by many of her rivals; nor was Tony himself in any way a particularly striking personality.

But during the last few years the regular clientèle had gradually dropped away; tired, perhaps, of menus that tended to become monotonous; or of the dark little room that had always to be lighted by electricity during the day as well as by night; or, again, they may have found a new Fanzetti's. Tony could hazard no explanation. It was just the luck of the business; and he had come to depend mainly upon strangers who dropped in for a quick lunch or dinner, and the clerks and typists from the towering office building that reared its great bulk at the corner of the block.

When trade was slack, as was usually the case in the evenings, Tony sometimes regretted the absence of the old familiar faces: of Blake, the communist author, thin and dark and intense; of Henri Platot, the surrealist painter, who, together with his buxom blonde wife, used to visit him; of Hemmingway, the caricaturist, a heavy drinker but a generous payer; of Eve Duff, the novelist, with the exquisite Marie Tabon her constant companion; of Michael Emery, who never sold an article, but who always talked brilliantly . . .

It was due to Maria's incessant nagging that Tony had finally consented to the redecoration of the restaurant, and Maria, in her turn, had been convinced of its necessity by her eldest daughter Victoria, who insisted that times had changed and that people now wished for light and colour, and that her parents were hopelessly out of date in their ideas. And in the end Victoria had been given a free hand, but a strictly limited figure, in the renaissance of Fanzetti's. She had torn down the oak cubicles where so many heated arguments had been held, stripped the ornate panelling, and banished the glaring overhead bulbs. In its stead appeared severely white-washed walls, small steel-legged tables covered with gay tri-coloured tablecloths, concealed lighting, and a modern glass and chromium-plated bar. Tony felt distinctly ill at ease in these new surroundings, and was, moreover, by no means sure that they would justify the expense of their installation.

He could not help feeling extremely relieved that the mess and bustle of the workmen, which had made his domain a bedlam throughout the previous week, had now ceased; and he had to admit that Victoria, according to her lights, had made a very good job of the whole concern. To-day had been the first on which business had been resumed, and he had received several compliments on his initiative; the most enthusiastic being paid by Susie, the voluminous coloured woman

who came every Monday night to do the hard scrubbing and cleaning that the Fanzetti women could not face themselves, and who was a fierce and staunch stand-by to the whole family.

During the weeks that followed, Tony was depressed to find that, far from increasing his custom, the number of visitors gradually declined. He was at a loss for a reason until one evening he heard a girl, who was one of his "regulars," complain, as they were leaving, to her escort of the moment, that she thought "the whole thing a great mistake, and that the place had entirely lost its character." Tony passed on this criticism to Victoria, who pursed her lips contemptuously and made no reply whatsoever.

Some nights later, his wife and daughter having gone to a cinema, since they could see no sense in hanging about and doing nothing, and the younger children having been put protestingly to bed in the unexplored regions behind the scenes, Tony was sitting at one of the up-to-date tables reading his evening *Moon*. He was quite alone, and no hungry diners had yet come in to disturb his perusals. His mind, in truth, was not on the newspaper. He was worried, very worried indeed. His receipts had dropped to a new low level and he was definitely losing big money. He had not told Maria how much, since he did not want to upset her before it became imperative to do so; but there had been so much going out and so little coming in. . . . Tony sighed deeply.

These distressing thoughts were interrupted by a heavy tread on the stone steps outside. Tony sprang alertly to his feet as the door into the hall was banged open. He was surprised and delighted to see George Hemmingway, and while being unable to suppress altogether his feeling of resentment for his old friend's desertion, he could not disguise his joy at meeting him once again.

"Mr. Hemmingway," he cried, "welcome back! Where have you been all this time? To Europe—that you have not paid me a visit?"

He saw at once that Hemmingway was very drunk. His hair was ruffled, his tie crooked, and in one hand he swung a battered leather case.

"Hello, Tony! Give me a drink, please. Scotch. A big one. A great big scotch."

Obediently Tony hurried off to do his bidding. Returning, he found Hemmingway sitting with his head in his hands glaring at the room in front of him.

"What the hell have you been doing here, Tony?" he demanded, seizing his glass. "Think you're running a milk bar?"

"You do not like it?"

"Like it? Never seen anything so bloody la-di-da in all my life. Like it!" He spat expertly into an ash-tray in an attempt to express his opinion adequately.

Greatly distressed, Tony seated himself at the table. Hemmingway had summed up exactly his own feelings.

"Tell you what," the big man said suddenly. "I'll brighten it up for you a bit. Go get me another drink."

When Tony came back bringing with him a clean glass and a newly opened bottle of whisky, it was to find George peering through half-shut eyes at the virgin whiteness of the walls.

"Put it down there," he snapped. "Then lock the front door and go into the kitchen until I tell you that you can come out."

Tony had never seen him so drunk. He felt quite alarmed. What in the name of heaven was he going to do? It was with considerable trepidation he carried out his orders.

(Continued on page 14)



PORTRAIT OF A BROADCASTER

Flora Lion, R.P., is adding Christopher Stone to her notable gallery of sitters, who include the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone. Old Etonian Christopher Stone, now one of radio's oldest-established favourites, joined up as a private in the Middlesex in 1914, was commissioned in the Royal Fusiliers the following year, and by 1918 was A.D.C. to the G.O.C. 2nd Division, winning the D.S.O., the M.C. and three mentions on the way

Hush!

CAN YOU KEEP A SECRET?

The secret underlying good health, temper and looks is—good shoes. Vani-Tred is the name to remember. These ultra-stylish fashion shoes give a perfect tread base; they lighten your step, and correct your poise by compensating for high heels. Vani-Tred promises comfort well-nigh beyond belief. And what gracefully debonair styles the New Spring range discloses—they almost make you catch your breath. There's a model as fitting to your feet as to your fashion sense. As moderately priced as 32/9.



BRENDA



JILLIAN



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LAUREL



5 fittings to
each half size

The specialised VANI-TRED
Fitting Service is available at high
class shoe shops. Upon request we
will send you an illustrated brochure
and the name of your nearest agent.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. Brooke



THE sense of being well dressed gives women a certain poise and power that cannot be described in words. Even in these troublous times there is a "dress hunger" which must be appeased, and in order to achieve this a visit should be paid to Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, where is assembled a collection of day, evening and semi-evening frocks. A study in lace and chiffon posed on crêpe de Chine is seen on the right. The neckline in front may be described as "wartime"; the arrangement of the lace at the back and over the arms is very flattering. There are many interesting dresses cut on almost princess lines, accompanied by boleros and coatees which just pass the hips. Embroidery is used for decorative purposes, the colours are very bright; a touch of the same appears on the frocks, forming a connecting link

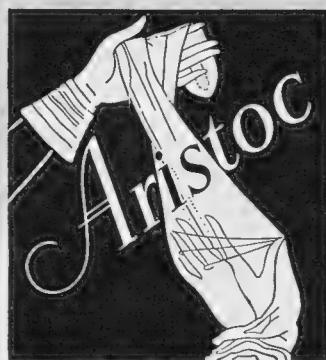
THERE is a fascinating romance about Elizabeth Arden's (25 Old Bond Street) preparations and treatments. With their aid all the potentialities of beauty are brought forth. The colour scheme of the dress has always to be considered, as well as the colour of the eyes, skin and hair. "Peony" make-up will enhance the charm of a brunette wearing the black chef d'œuvre on the right. She uses after her bath Blue Grass Flower Mist, succeeded by the perfume, which must be sprayed on. She then proceeds, shall it be said, to decorate her face, treating it in the first instance with the all day foundation cream, which persuades the make-up to remain on for many hours, then she uses a fine powder, Peony rouge and lipstick

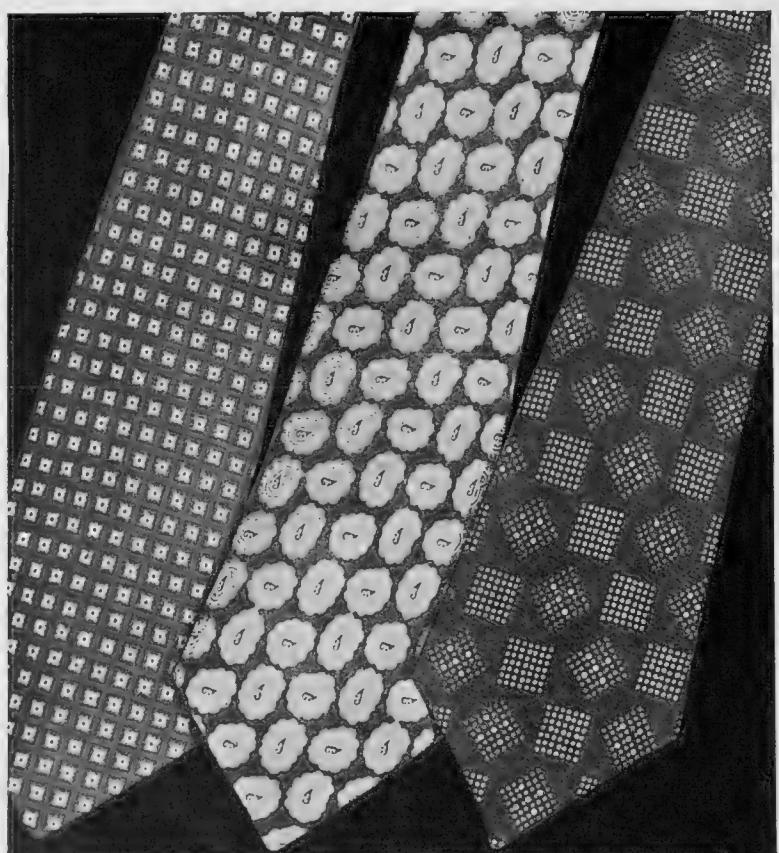


Pictures by Blake

Aristoc

THE ARISTOCRAT OF SILK STOCKINGS





Pre-war Prices . . .

and pre-war quality, too! Foulard ties, hand-made from heavy English gum-twill silk; richly lined with crease-resisting lining, still the same rich tones subtly blended, still the same magnificent array and still the same price

4'6

3 for 12/9. Ties gladly sent on approval.

THE MAN'S SHOP
H A R R O D S
 HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW1



MISS JOAN BULLEID

Younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Bulleid, 34 Christchurch Park, Sutton, Surrey, whose engagement is announced to Captain G. W. A. Courte, elder son of the late Colonel Courte, D.S.O., and Mrs. Courte, of Guildford, Surrey. She is a member of the M.T.C., and since the beginning of the war has been at a First-Aid Post in Lambeth

Strathern Philip, the Colonial Police Service, Nigeria, only son of the late Doctor and Mrs. Frederick Philip, of Aberdeen, and Miss Ruby Clara Isabella Butt, eldest child of the late Mr. Herbert Butt, of Wincanton, Somerset. The marriage will take place on April 20 at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, between Mr. F. Brian S. Grimston and Miss Monica K. Drummond. The marriage will take place on Saturday, April 20, at St. Albans Abbey, between Mr. Ormsby Allhausen, of Pinhay, Lyme Regis, and Miss Katharine Dracana Gosling, daughter of Canon George L. Gosling, of 6 Lancaster Road, St. Albans.

* * *

Wedding Abroad.

The marriage will take place shortly in Gibraltar, between Mr. Bernard Wilfrid Pitt, only son of the late Mr. B. Pitt and Mrs. Pitt, of Woodside, Worth Park, Sussex, and Miss Anne Campbell Perkins, younger daughter of Doctor and Mrs. Campbell Perkins, of



MISS MARY DESTINE ROWLEY

Eldest daughter of the late Captain Charles Rowley and the Hon. Mrs. Rowley, whose engagement is announced to the Rev. Edward Guy Bright-Betton, Rector of Narborough, King's Lynn. She is a granddaughter of Viscount Molesworth

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Today's Wedding.

The marriage will take place today in the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, between Mr. Alexander Lees Mayall, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Mayall, of Bealings End, Woodbridge, Suffolk, and Miss Renée Eileen Burn, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clive Burn, of 10 Buckingham Gate, S.W.1.

* * *

Saturday's Weddings.

The marriage will take place on Saturday at All Saints' Church, St. John's Wood, between Mr. Edward Reading Ilott, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Ilott, of Deneholme, Little Common Road, Bexhill, and Miss Hester Mary Nicholson Keene, of Instow, Devon, daughter of Major and the late Mrs. Keene.

* * *

Forthcoming Weddings.

The marriage will take place on April 12 between Mr. Frederick



FLIGHT LIEUTENANT (R.A.F.V.R.)
 AND MRS. LAURENCE H. SAGAR

Whose marriage took place recently. Mrs. Sagar was Miss Lillian J. Ainslie, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald M. Ainslie, of Elvington, MacMerry, East Lothian, and her husband is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sagar, of Lower Hey, Rishworth, near Halifax, Yorks. They were married at St. Mary's Church, Haddington

10 Mornington Avenue Mansions, W.14.

* * *

Recently Engaged.

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She Was That Sort of Lady

(Continued from page 32)

What, oh what, would Victoria say? How could he explain to Maria?

After a miserable two hours Tony heard his temperamental caller bellowing his name. With sinking heart and quaking knees he answered the summons. The sight that met his eyes left him speechless. Instinctively he glanced at the whisky bottle. It lay on its side, empty. Timidly Tony fixed his gaze on George's handiwork. All round the walls he had drawn bold charcoal murals. Down one side were the well-known socialites of the city and famous international figures, dressed down for "slumming," quizzing haughtily their opposites; for, facing them in position of hilarious abandon was all the old clientèle; Platot and his blonde; Blake, Emery and the rest of them.

At last Tony spoke. "But it is magnificent," he said, "how can I ever thank you?"

"Give me a drink," Hemmingway answered. "A Scotch. A great big Scotch."

Now there ensued a period of great prosperity for *Fanzetti's Eats*. The fame of the frescoes spread quickly, and not only did the "regulars" return, but also the subjects of the caricatures together with their satellites, and not a few tourists; for Hemmingway's work was nation known and the Press had given his prank considerable publicity. The only fly in this most profitable ointment for the Fanzetti household was that Susie was not there to share in their success. On the morning of the eventful day she had come to Tony to tell him that for the next six weeks she would be unable to oblige him as she was visiting her daughter in the south. She added that she had found "a deputé" for whose honesty and industry she could vouch.

"And who is she?" Tony had inquired.

"Well, I've known her long times," Susie had replied. "Her name's Willy and she's sure a good gal. I hope's you won't mind, Mistah Tony, but she's dusky." Her voice sounded a little anxious and her eyes were troubled in the ebony of her face.

"How dark, Susie? Of course I don't mind."

"Well, sah, Willy's kind of sealskin."

And this arrangement had proved entirely satisfactory.

Maria and Victoria were indignant when first they saw the frescoes, but the march of events soon showed them their mistake. In common with Susie they did not like Hemmingway, but they had to admit the service he had rendered them. In adding up his accounts Tony made

the pleasant discovery that, should business keep up to its present pressure, the cost of the redecoration should pay for itself within the month. For to visit *Fanzetti's Eats* had become the chic move and it was imperative to call in the morning, or even on the day before, to ensure getting a table.

Hemingway himself had not returned, nor could Tony find him to express his gratitude. This weighed upon the mind of the little Italian for he wished to buy him a present to express his appreciation. He had discussed the topic with Maria, and they had both agreed that it was only right. But Hemmingway could not be located. . . .

On the Monday following Susie's return, she arrived, as was her custom, shortly after three in the morning, to get through her chores and have time for a hearty breakfast before the early patrons made their appearance. She had telephoned to Tony on the previous day and announced that she was back and ready to resume her duties. She was a little disappointed to learn that Tony himself had been called away from home for the night, since the rest of the family invariably retired as soon as the restaurant closed, which usually occurred about half-past one; and Susie (who had her own key) had also a fund of gossip and anecdote to retail to her employer and was loath to leave it until the morning.

When she reached the block Susie saw immediately that there would be no one with whom she could chatter, for *Fanzetti's* façade loomed darkened and unwelcoming as she pursued her measured progress up the empty rain-washed street. Taking care to be as quiet as possible, for she had in the past received the rough side of Maria's tongue for making a noise, she switched on the lights and hung up her hat and coat. It was then that she saw the murals; and a dark fury filled her heart. Her beautiful white walls, about which she had boasted so frequently, were ruined. Hideous scrawls defaced them.

"It's dat Mr. Hemmingway dat's been here," she said aloud. "What will poor Mistah Tony do now?"

But Susie was a woman of action. Rolling up the sleeves of her faded print blouse she hurried to the kitchen, from which she later emerged in triumph carrying a bucket of newly mixed whitewash. By the time the first client appeared *Fanzetti's* was once more clean as a new pin and not a single trace of the offending drawings was suffered to remain.

Tony was the target of several stinging barbs from the columnists of the Press and was even labelled with the stigma of vandalism from the more highbrow publications, nor would they listen to any explanation that he tried to offer them, and so he was not at all surprised



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to find that his newly acquired patrons disappeared with as great a speed as they had collected, for he knew only too well the easy come, easy go see-saw of the restaurant racket. In fact, Tony's hardest task was in comforting the bewildered Susie who was tearful and repentant at the miscarriage of her good intentions.

It was almost two months after Susie's unfortunate activities when Tony again heard the heavy footsteps; and the circumstances were eerily identical. Once again he was a solitary figure in his empty restaurant; once again Hemmingway proved to be drunk. Tony steeled himself for their meeting. His short capable hands pulled nervously at his aggressive moustache. He tried to think of an apology to lessen the horror of the caricatures' disappearance.

The doorway slammed loudly and George walked in; just as dishevelled, still holding the battered case.

"Hello, Tony! Give me a drink. A Scotch and soda. A very big Scotch and soda, Tony."

Tony Fanzetti executed the order, and started a halting sentence as he handed the tumbler to Hemmingway.

"You will be wondering what has happened here," he began, when he was cut unceremoniously short.

George sat glaring at the white walls.

"Bloody la-di-da," he said. "Look here, Tony—give me a bottle and I'll fix the place for you. But leave me alone, see?"

Tony almost literally flew back to his kitchen after depositing the whisky bottle in its former position. Did miracles, he asked himself, happen twice?

When he received his summons, the bottle was empty. Around the walls were more frescoes—better by far than their predecessors. Tony could not at first trust himself to inspect them for fear that they might vanish.

"It'sh a funny thing," Hemmingway told him, "but I feel somehow that all thish hash happened before. Maybe I drink too much, Tony. What do you think? Do you think I drink too much, Tony old boy?"

There was really no need to admonish Susie—but Tony took good care not to be away when next she was due to arrive. But his precautions were needless for that good lady eventually achieved a certain fame by announcing to all who would listen: "I knowed all the time that Mistah Hemmingway could do bettah—so Mistah Tony trusted Susie."

And among an appreciative audience her resultant laughter was generally productive of at least one more gin. It was wise and throaty and gay, and people liked to hear Susie happy. She was that sort of lady.

* * * *

On April 11, at 7.45 p.m., at the Queen's Hall, a concert is being held in aid of the Toc H War Services Fund. Mischel Cherniavsky has arranged the concert, and he has secured the services of Benno Moisewitch, John McCormack, Florence Austral and Jelly D'Aranyi, as well as of himself. Mr. Cherniavsky lives in Suffolk, where he has organized and appeared in three annual concerts in aid of the Personal Service League, at Glemham Hall, the home of Captain Ivan and Lady Blance Cobbold. Last month, Cherniavsky arranged the visit of Dr. Malcolm Sargent and the London Philharmonic Orchestra to Ipswich. Cherniavsky cancelled a winter tour to South America, on the outbreak of the war, and so has been able to organize the Toc H concert.

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CLUMBER SPANIELS

Baroness Burton and her winning team

showing that members are determined to see the association through. Lady Burton was re-elected chairman, and Mrs. Nagle, vice-chairman, and chairman of the show committee.

The Clumber Spaniel is quite different to any other Spaniel. His origin is obscure, but tradition has it that a French duke presented some to the Duke of Newcastle in the eighteenth century. There is a delightful picture painted in 1788 of the duke, his keeper and some Clumbers. Clumbers are less excitable than other Spaniels, and for their work, which is beating thick coverts, have no equal. They are also less gushing than most Spaniels and prefer their own master. The Clumber is a handsome distinguished-looking dog. Baroness Burton has taken them up during the last few years and the photograph is of herself and her team of winners. She got her first ones from Sandringham, where King George V always used them. Lady Burton's dogs are worked as well as shown and from time to time she has puppies to dispose of. Lady

Burton is the chairman of our committee, to which post she was unanimously re-elected, as the present successful position of our association is largely due to her energy and hard work.

There is a saying, "Once a Bulldog man, always a Bulldog man" and this is very true. There is something about a Bulldog, with his attractive ways and massive appearance, which appeals. He is a specially good house companion and guard in a town. He does not want overmuch exercise and hardly ever barks, while his awe-inspiring appearance terrifies marauders. The Bulldog is a quiet, unfussy dog, specially good with children, whom he will allow to take any liberties. Mrs. Hazel has a well-known kennel and has

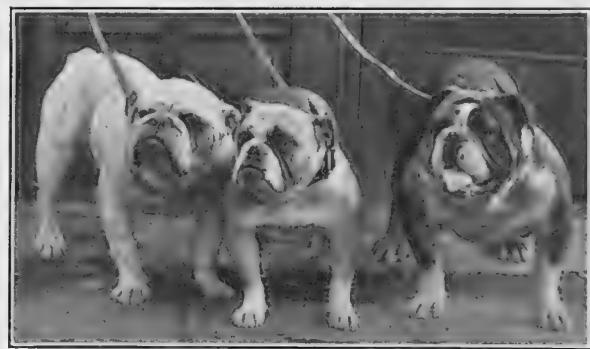
bred and exhibited many good ones. She has also exported many, which have always done well. She sends a picture of a group of celebrities where it can be seen how strong and straight they are. She usually has a few puppies and youngsters for sale.

The popularity of the Cairn continues unabated. It is not odd. He makes the very best of companions, devoted, hardy and long-lived and most intelligent. Also one can enjoy showing one's Cairn, they are not yet commercialized, thank goodness, and are shown in a natural state. Miss Vicens's Cairns are famous wherever an interest is taken in them. She has one of the most successful kennels and has had many winners. She is now reducing her kennel down to the lowest possible limits and has a few young dogs for sale still. These dogs are high class.

All letters to Miss Bruce, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

**LADIES' KENNEL
ASSOCIATION
NOTES**

There was a largely attended meeting of our committee on March 12. Lady Burton was absent owing to the illness of Major Melles. The accounts were passed; they show a substantial balance on our open show. This pleasing result is due to the untiring efforts and energy of our chairman, Lady Burton; Mrs. Nagle, chairman of the show committee; and our secretary Mrs. Pye, not forgetting Mr. Pye. Considering the result of most shows last year, this association is to be congratulated. It was decided to invest £200 in the three per cent Defence Loan. The membership of the association is keeping up in the most remarkable manner, very few members have resigned. It is most cheering, as



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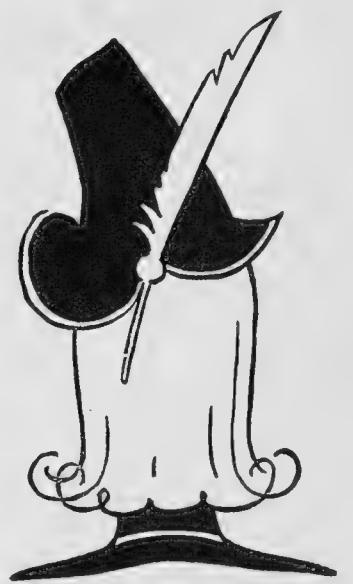


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PIMM'S
No.1 cup

THE LONG DRINK WITH A CLICK IN IT

Racing Ragout

(Continued from page 8)

Royal Danieli who, I am assured, will prove the best of the Irishmen this year. The Professor II is a brilliant horse but I doubt his staying the trip, while recent form does not cause me to have any fancy for The Uplifter, Dunhill Castle or Jovial Judge. Last year's winner, Workman, well trounced by Royal Danieli in Ireland, is now out of it, but of the others I have most fancy for Black Hawk who, I thought, was going best of all when brought down through no fault of his own second time round last year. Black Hawk has disappointed once or twice this year, but he ran a fine race when second, on his merits, to that smashing horse Roman Hackle in the Gold Cup at Cheltenham, although he could make no impression on Miss Paget's seven-year-old. Miss Paget and Owen Anthony showed wise judgment in not inflicting the Aintree ordeal on Roman Hackle this year. At the present time he is only a super-novice 'chaser. With another year over his head he may be anything. Anyhow they're going to win it with Kilstar, so they might let somebody else be second. I think many of us are apt to forget the very great debt of gratitude which we owe to an owner like Miss Paget who continues to patronize the sport so lavishly in these days when every pound has got to do the work of two. Miss Paget is, of course, fortunate to be able to do so, but we should never lose sight of the fact that if it wasn't for her and people like her there wouldn't be any racing.

Another wonderful patron of N.H. sport over a long period of years is Lord Bicester, but try though he has, he's never yet won a National. He will once again be represented by Rockquilla, who staged a wonderful come-back at Newbury when winning the richest prize since the war. Strictly on the form with Takvor Pacha (a likely outsider) he should not, however, beat Kilstar, and though he has run well more than once in the National, I doubt whether Rockquilla really gets the trip.

J. G. GOLDSMITH TRAINER OF
BLACK HAWK

Mrs. C. Jones's good horse ran second to Roman Hackle in the Cheltenham Gold Cup on March 20, and went well in last year's National till he fell

Sitting up in my bed, propped up with pillows, I have got really worked up writing about this National, but there's no fear of my temperature soaring again on the result of my cogitations on the Lincoln. Invariably a very dull race, it is normally tinged with a certain amount of glamour as being the first event of its kind, but this year owing to the eccentric date of one of the more important Church festivals, it has to stand on its own merits. I could write thousands of words on how so-and-so has got a pound or two in hand of so-and-so on such and such running, only to find that any advantage, imaginary or real, has been discounted by my fancy having been drawn a low number, or, that is to say, one of the numbers near the far rails. I will content myself with saying that my chief fancies are Titan, Southport, Aldine, Ticca Gari and Time Step, and I suggest that those of my readers who have still got any "tick" in old Burlington Street should ring up and have cross doubles the above five horses with Kilstar, Macmoffat, Symaethis, Black Hawk and Takvor Pacha, and don't blame me if none of the combinations work, as the burglar said to his pal when he gave him the key to the safe.

Q. G.

On Monday, April 1, Vivian Van Damm presented *Revudeville 132* at the Windmill Theatre. This edition will run for one month. The show opens with a dance routine by Joan Jay and the lovely Windmill girls; Reg O'List follows with some popular published numbers; Beatrice Appleyard dances with George Carden in another of her charming ballets; there is a comedy sketch written and played by Eric Woodburn, with Ivor Beddoes. Susie Ward appears with Mary Irwin in a double act; and George Carden and Charmian Innes "fool" together in the duet "Scatterbrain." Lesley Osmond sings some old-fashioned songs and a newcomer to the show is a comedian Denis Lawes. George Gray, the young American, dances his way through the show in his own inimitable style.

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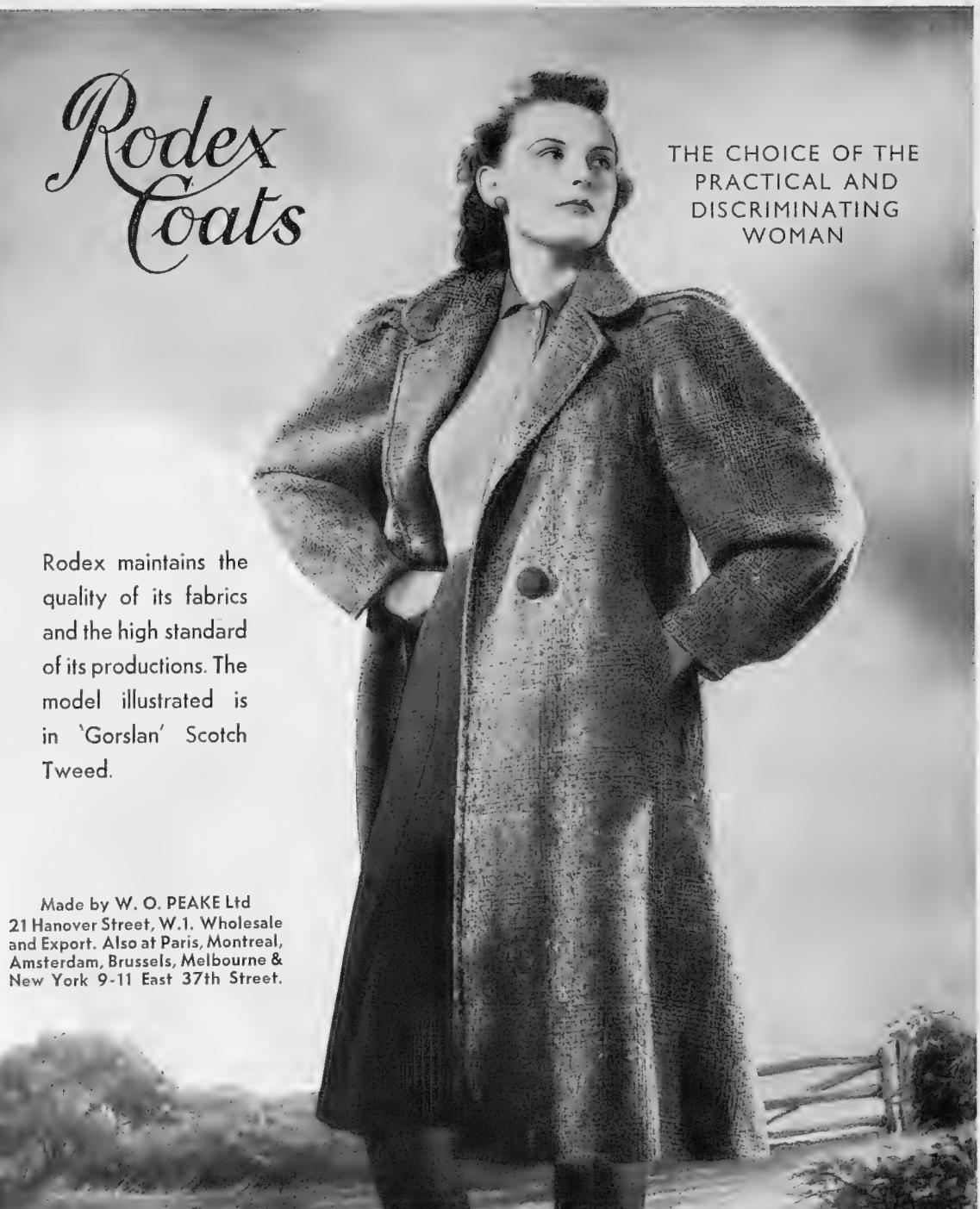
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Air Eddies

(Continued from page 30)
any falling off in these things in Germany must be to our advantage. But this same scientist emphasized that Germany was still doing well in the application of old knowledge and that her aeroplanes are well made and of good materials.

Britain can still produce advanced ideas and can still develop them; but she shows some feebleness in putting them to the service of her flying forces. There is a resistance somewhere to new things. The trouble may be that the people who rule the organizational roost are not genuinely air-minded. They cannot think in air terms. They run round and round in their own little circles, usually doing their own little jobs very well; but often failing to see the wider issues. They tend, therefore, to resist those improvements or novelties which will upset their particular work. On the other hand, what knowledge Germany has she uses. And in war that is as good as having a lot more knowledge but not using it.

ROUNDABOUT NOTES

Following on the lines of the Officers' Sunday Club, started by Lady Townshend in the last war, a similar need has arisen in this war, and on the suggestion of Lady Townshend, a meeting took place at the Dorchester Hotel, on March 20, at which a proposal was put forward that a club, similar to that which was formed in the last war, should be formed and carried on for the duration of this war. The proposal was carried unanimously, and the club was formed, under the auspices of Lady Townshend and Lady Ironside, wife of the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and at the same time it was decided to call it "The Officers' Sunday Club." It is a most admirable idea.

Lady Townshend will be most grateful if any lady or gentleman, willing to help will communicate with the hon. secretary at the Dorchester Hotel. All cheques should be made out to the hon. treasurer, The Officers' Sunday Club, and crossed and forwarded to the hon. treasurer at the same address. Funds badly needed!

A case containing twelve bottles of Bollinger Special Cuvée Champagne, presented to the Grimsby Fishermen's War Auxiliary Fund, by M. Jacques Bollinger, fetched the magnificent sum of £535 3s. 6d., when raffled recently for the fund.

CORRECTIONS

In our issue of March 13 we stated that the Hon. Mrs. Greaves was the mother of Miss Philippa Fitzalan-Howard. Miss Fitzalan-Howard's mother is in fact, Mrs. Philip Rivière, and Mrs. Greaves is the sister of her father, the late Captain the Hon. Philip Fitzalan Howard. We deeply regret any inconvenience this error may have caused.

In our issue of March 20 a photograph of Mrs. Granville Walton, joint-Master of the Old Berkshire with Major J. H. Walford, was incorrectly described by the photographer as being of Mrs. Walford, who is Master of the Vine. We much regret any misunderstanding this error may have caused.



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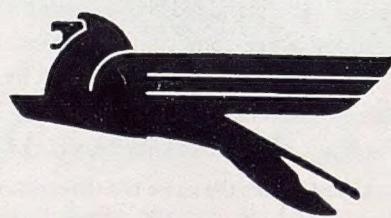
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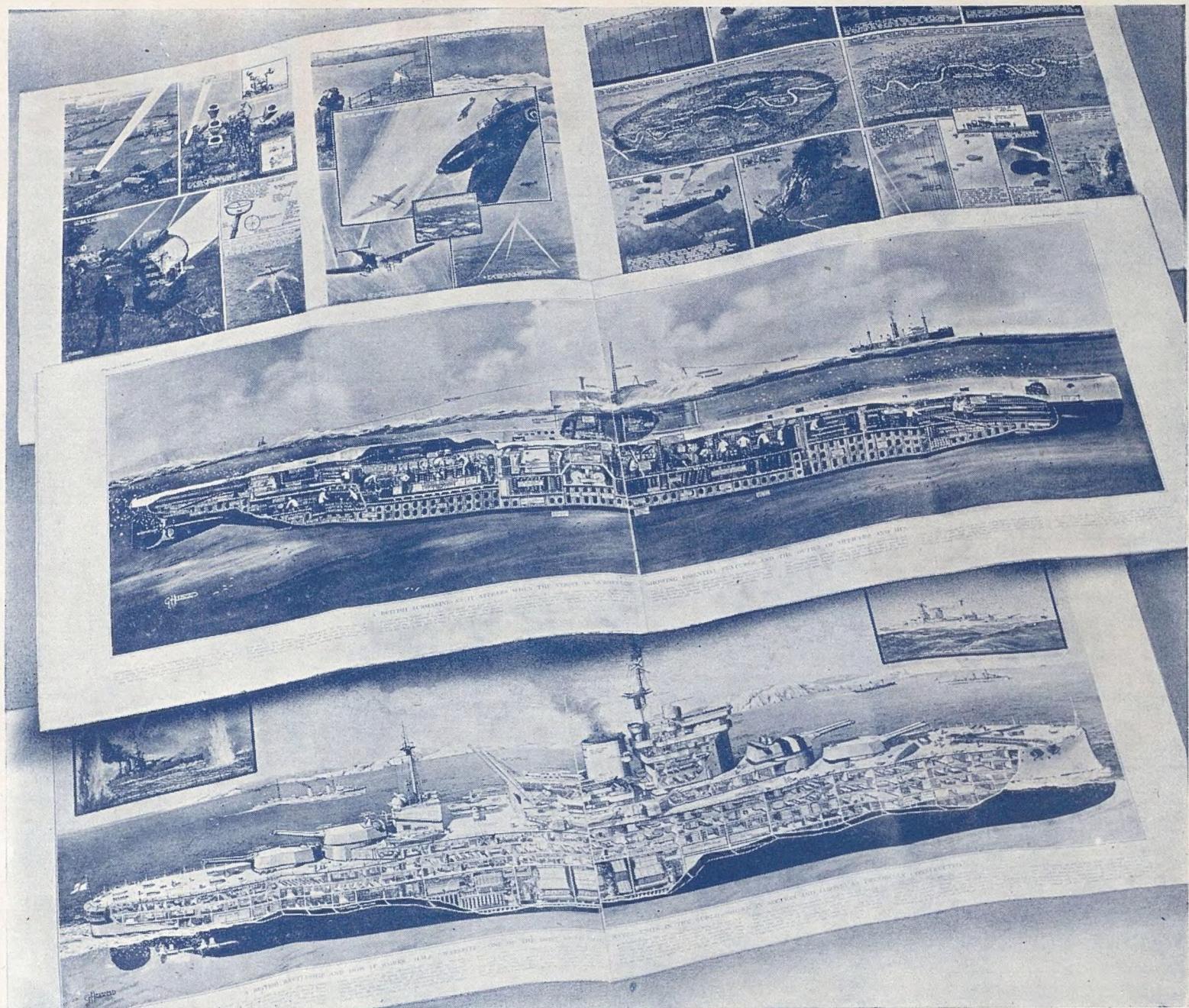
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